Spirit of the Times

OFFICE 157 BROADWAY. NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1838. VOL. VIII. No. 23.

Amusements for the Week.

PARK THEATRE.

THIS EVENING, July 21—Last night of the engagement of Mr. E. S. Conner—ROMEO AND JULIET: Romeo, Mr. E. S. Conner—and BLACK EYED SUSAN: William, Mr. E. S. Conner.

MONDAY, July 23—Mr. E. S. CONNER'S BENEFIT. THE LADY OF LYONS—and THE ADOPTED CHILD.

TUESDAY, July 24—Mrs. and Miss DAVENPORT will appear.

WEDNESDAY, July 25—A variety of entertainments.

THURSDAY, July 26—Mrs. and Miss Davenport.

FRIDAY, July 27—Various entertainments.

Boxes 31, Pit 50 cts., Gallery 25 cts. Doors open at 7—Performances to commence at 7½.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.

MONDAY, July 23.—TWO NEW VAUDEVILLE'S—and SIGNOR CHECKENI'S INFANT BALLET—FIREWORKS, &c.

TUESDAY, July 24—RAVEL FAMILY in a new PANTOMIME—FOUR LOVERS, and other entertainments.

WEDNESDAY, July 25—The Opera of THE BARBER OF SEVILLE, in Italian, under the direction of Signor Fornasari and Mr. Watson, with new Scenery, new Dresses, and a full and effective Orchestra.

THURSDAY, July 26—RAVEL FAMILY in a new PANTOMIME—ASCENSION in the Opera Garden—FIREWORKS, &c.

FRIDAY, July 27—TWO VAUDEVILLES—LADDER OF LOVE—Signor Checkeni's INFANT BALLET, &c.

SATURDAY, July 28—RAVEL FAMILY—Astonishing Feats on the TIGHT ROPE—THE THREE GLADIATORS—and THE BEDOUIN ARABS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Since we last made our bow of acknowledgment to the friends of this Journal, (some three weeks since, we believe,) for the efforts they are so successfully making to increase its circulation, the following gentlemen have favored us with their respective contributions to our subscription list. They may rest assured that we appreciate, as becomes us, that friendliness of feeling which could alone prompt them to such untiring exertions in our behalf:—R. C. P. Esq., Va.—Dr. M. H., N. Y.—G. W. W. Esq., Md.—S. A. S. Esq., Ky.—G. C. R. Esq., N. C.—J. C. G. Esq., Arks.—R. R. Esq., Ga.—J. W. T. Esq., Ky.—S. C. N. Esq., Ga.—Col. J. R. D., Ga.—J. B. Esq., Va.—H. R. Esq., Pa.—T. B. Esq., Fla.—W. McC., Esq., Va.—Col. J. C., Ala.—R. W. V. Esq., N. C.—N. T. Esq., Ala.—Dr. G. G., Va.—Dr. V. Z., N. Y.

Things Theatrical.

The frequenters of our city theatres this week are enabled to form a "pretty considerable" idea of Tophet, and had the enterprise of the managers prompted them to engage in hatching chickens, they might have realized "something handsome" by filling their benches with eggs, instead of the few gasping play-goers who have nightly presented the appearance of so many boiled lobsters. "Considering the weather," the houses have been good: CONNER and little Miss DAVENPORT have been the attraction of the week.

Arrangements for the complimentary benefit of the worthy manager of the Park are in active progress; they are of such a character as will render it the most splendid dramatic festival ever known in this country.

Mr. E. S. CONNER makes his first appeal to a New York audience on Monday next, when he will appear as *Claude Melnotte* in the Lady of Lyons and as *Michael* in the Adopted Child. Conner is a most deserving young man professionally and personally, and we earnestly hope his benefit may be such as he can look back to at some future day with honest pride.

A programme of the entertainments of *Niblo's Garden* next week will be seen in the first column. During the oppressive heat of the day and evening, it is one of the coolest and most delightful places of resort in town. The various attractions offered nightly are of the highest character, and it is no uncommon circumstance to see three thousand ladies and gentlemen in attendance. The Vaudeville company is encellent, and in addition to it, and the astonishing RAVELS, Niblo has engaged FORNASARI, the most eminent *basso* of the day; Fireworks, Music, etc. complete the entertainments.

MARSH, at Castle Garden, gave last Thursday evening his 2d grand Fete and Exhibition of Fireworks on a scale of splendour never equalled. The "Bombardment and Fall of Algiers" is one of the grandest displays ever seen here, and we are glad to learn it is duly appreciated.

The Vaudeville company at Vauxhall Garden, with GATES at its head, is getting on famously. The people on that side of the town give this favorite resort their hearty support, as it deserves.

Concert.—Messrs. T. and G. COOKE gave a Concert in the Hanover-square Rooms, London, on Friday evening, 18th May, which was attended by an overflowing audience. Mrs. E. KNIGHT (formerly Miss POVEY) sung Mr. Cooke's fine song "Who would not love," on the occasion, and is highly spoken of in the London journals.

SCOTT & THORNE have divided temporarily their company: a part remaining at Cincinnati, and a part having commenced operations at Lexington, Ky., under the management of WILLIAMS, late of the St. Charles. Among the number at Lexington we find CHARLES HOWARD, and Mr. and Miss MASON. Howard has been "walking into the affections" of the people "down South," in a new line of business. *Here* he was reckoned an uncommonly good *genteel comedian*:—*there* he has been setting them all agog with his *tragic* powers. He played *Julian St. Pierre*, at Lexington, so much to the satisfaction of a very critical audience, that they called for a repetition of the piece, which was accordingly re-performed on the ensuing night. Before leaving Cincinnati, too, he played *Claude Melnotte* in a manner which called forth the most enthusiastic applause, both from the audience and the press. We are most happy to be able to record his success, for every body knows him as "a right good fellow," a man of fine education, and a gentleman. In our present dearth of light comedy talent, why might he not be engaged at the Park? Few actors have served a more thorough apprenticeship in the best schools, and very few understand the profession better than Charles Howard.

New Theatres are talked of in Boston and Louisville. The editor of the Boston Morning Post states that he has seen "a subscription paper, with $75,000 subscribed, for the purpose of building a New Theatre, with stores under the same. It is to be built on the corner of two public streets, and managed by one of our first men—'go ahead.'"

The Louisville Evening Herald, in speaking of PARSONS, says, that he "has just returned to this city after fulfilling very successful engagements in Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, etc. We learn with pleasure that efforts are being made among his friends, to get up a company for the purpose of building a splendid Theatre in this City to be under his management."

We see that Mrs. GIBBS and Mrs. FARREN (late Miss Mary Ann Russell) are playing with great success at the American theatre, Louisville. PARSONS, "*Miss* NELSON and *Mr.* HODGES," and KELLY are also engaged.

The Buffalonian says a Mr. Barney has been appointed preceptor of a certain female academy in that quarter, and hopes he will remember the old song, "Barney leave the girls alone."

GETTING UP IN THE WORLD.—A lady in Vermont received a letter from her son in the West, which contained the following passage:—

"The west is the place for promotion and to get acquainted with the world. Yesterday, I arrived here, and in two hours afterwards was made judge of a *horse race*, and to-day I saw a *live Hoosier*."

"O villain! Thou wilt be condemned
Into everlasting redemption for this."—*Dogberry.*

Some person, not having the fear of our five barrelled pistol or High Constable *Hays*, before his eyes, broke into our publication office on Thursday night last and stole therefrom several sheets of manuscript *copy* prepared for this week's paper, and our Port Folio, containing a thousand scraps of "literature, wit, and sentiment," of "no use to any body but the owner." As the copy was from the editor's pen, and the portfolio contained his snappings up of unconsidered trifles for several years, the rascal has realized by his "flat burglary," an intellectual capital sufficient to set him up in business, and we should not be surprised if another daily should be started on the strength of it. It must be conceded on all hands that the taste and judgment evinced by the thief, in selecting the most valuable commodities in the office, betrays the possession of no ordinary capacity, and we should not be surprised, if at some future day we should see him occupying a prominent situation in the public eye, highly elevated above his fellows!

We hope the shameless thief will not be so inconsiderate as to expose any of those tender billetdoux, filled with sweetness and redolent of bergamot, nor one very legible scrawl written us by the youngest daughter of the Kham of Tartary, nor that precious autograph of the Queen Victoria, inviting us to her coronation. Seriously, the circumstance has not a little annoyed us, not that the Port folio contained any thing of the slightest value, but because it has given rise to a suspicion in our mind that the villain who robbed us of it was employed, and that other objects than plunder of property impelled to the commission of the dastardly crime. We congratulate both employer and employed on the value of their booty even to themselves. What *you* wanted is not kept in *that* Port folio, if you ever minded it! "Did you see any thing green" about our office?

MR. HAMBLIN.

We observed an article in the "Star" of Thursday evening, and quoted in the "Courier & Enquirer" of yesterday, touching this man and his affairs, in which the Major, in his peculiar manner, deprecates any further attacks upon him. We would grant almost anything to the Major, save yielding the right in such a controversy; and we very willingly show such regard to his opinion as to say one word touching the motives which have influenced our course in the whole progress of Mr. Hamblin's "persecutions."

We can assure the Editor of the "Star" in the outset that we have no "personal object to accomplish." We have no personal enmity to Mr. Hamblin, no injury to resent, no malice to gratify. He never wronged us, to our knowledge; we never have asked a favor of him, and he never denied us one; we have had no business transactions with him, and have never been disappointed by him, directly or indirectly. Our relations with him have been for a year past, till since the sad death of poor Miss MISSOURI, of a character as friendly as could exist between parties of natures so distinct, with a mutual knowledge of each other's character. And as we have no peculiar motive for animosity to Hamblin personally, so is there nothing connected with his professional rank, or his theatrical management, to influence us in the least. We are PERFECTLY WILLING HE SHOULD RE-BUILD THE BOWERY THEATRE, *though we own no lots in that quarter* to be improved by the structure,—though we have *no claims to be secured* but by the existence and successful conduct of that theatre,—though *we have no profitable jobs* or *contracts to be realized* when he gets the old "nursery" into its former profitable activity.

We have briefly named some motives by which we were *not* influenced; we can state more summarily the single one which *did* impel us to write the article which is bringing upon us so many attacks, as well from respectable as the vilest sources. We wrote from the single desire of doing justice in the premises; foul wrong we believed had been done, from the vilest, the most mercenary motives. We exposed it to the best of our ability. Most indecent and wicked efforts were made through the press to mislead the public mind—to divert the natural course of public opinion. We endeavored to expose them.

It is not a little singular that a daily paper like the "Star" should come out some three weeks after our *exposé* of the recent tragedy, and calling us by name, conjure us "in terms pathetic" not to persecute an honest, innocent, much slandered, very unfortunate, and harmless individual. Well done, Major. We thought we had ever given you credit for the greatest amplitude of charity, but we confess our limited conception of its boundless range. If in our *exposé* of those transactions, the amiable "Star" had observed any incorrect statement—any unjust inference, or any intemperate display of malignity, it was its duty *forthwith* to set us right, and check the influence of our averments. Such a course did not suit the purpose, however, for which this appeal is at this late day made to the public. It was thought best to let the facts smoulder for a time, and after passing into partial oblivion, then to raise the cry of "persecution," and, as if forgetful of the past, slobber over the Bowery Manager with a panegyric on his virtues, his meekness, his apprehensions, and his delicate regard to the humanities of civilized society. Again we say, well done, Major. In politics they say "man's memory is sometimes treacherous," and we confess to no feelings of competition with the "Star" on that subject; but in plain matters of fact, made luminous by their high atrocity, and brought home to us by their fatality to our friends, we acknowledge no superior in the retentiveness of our memory, nor in the vivid indignation which their recollection must forever excite.

Leaving our amiable friend of the "Star," we must direct our attention for a moment to the courteous "Courier." In its introductory remarks to the "Star's" article, it makes no allusion to us nor to our paper, we presume, yet it too, advocates forbearance and forgivenness, and deprecates every thing like "persecution." It is undoubtedly right, and we have as little disposition as the Courier possibly can have, to do any thing that would come within that category. The readers of that paper, however, can hardly fail, we think, to participate with us in our excessive admiration of the beautiful consisteney it exhibits in thus rebuking the press for giving publicity to facts involving interests so momentous as life and reputation, lest it excite tumults, and lead to breaches of the law, when they recollect the very mild and temperate course adopted by that print toward Mr. and Mrs. WOOD, and especially if they remember that the "Courier" in that case not only published facts, but argued with no little force and ingenuity the propriety of absolutely driving by force from the boards of the theatre those very guilty—very sinful—very atrocious—very dangerous, and very immoral "*vagabonds*." Well, well, consistency is a jewel, and though we will not follow its example, we will yield to the kind suggestions of the "Courier," and attempt so to demean ourselves that we shall not only secure its approbation, but absolutely merit its highest admiration.

No change has taken place in our opinion upon the whole matter. We think of Mr. Hamblin, and his conduct in regard to Miss Missouri—we think of the causes of her most untimely and most sad end, precisely as we expressed ourselves in this paper of the 23d ult. There is no occasion for repeating our remarks, or for enforcing our opinions. The sentiment of our citizens upon this subject is not divided. Our remarks were but the spontaneous outpourings of our own honest feelings, and we believe they but expressed the sentiments of every man in this community who gave his attention to the subject.

It was esteemed as the peculiar duty of this print to comment upon that subject; it is professedly devoted to theatrical affairs; and as none of our readers would have held us excused had we omitted to notice a tragedy exciting so keen and general an interest, so should we have been inexcusable in our own eyes, had we said one word less than we did, in directing public indignation to THE REAL PARTIES, to advance whose interests she was drawn into difficulties, which drove her mad, and made death to her a blessing.

Origin of "Hail Columbia."—Waldie's Journal of Belles Lettres gives the interesting account annexed of the authorship of this patiotic national song:—

Judge Hopkinson.—In the year 1798, when patritioc feeling pervaded the country, and when there were several parties in the field, Mr. Fox, a young player, who was more admired for his vocal than histrionic powers, called one morning upon his friend Mr. Hopkinson, and after stating that the following evening had been appointed for his benefit, and expressing great fear for the result, as not a single box had been taken, begged his friend to do something in his behalf.

"If," said he, "you will write me some patriotic verses to the tune of the President's March, I feel sure of a full house. Several of the people about the theatre have attempted it, but they have come to the conclusion that it cannot be done, yet I think you may succeed." Mr. H. retired to his study, and in a short time wrote the first verse and chorus, which were submitted to Mrs. Hopkinson, who sang them to a piano accompaniment, and proved the measure and music to be compatible and in keeping. In this way the second and other verses were written, and when Fox returned in the evening, he received with delight the song as it now stands. The following morning small handbills and placards announced that Mr. Fox would sing a new patriotic song, &c.

The theatre was crowded; the song was sung and received with rapture; it was repeated eight times, and again *encored*, and when sung the ninth time, the whole audience stood up and joined in the chorus. Night after night Hail Columbia cheered the visiters of the theatre, and in a very few days it was the universal song of the boys in the street from one end of the city to the other. Nor was the distinguished author of this truly national song—a song which met the entire approbation of all parties of the day—forgotten. The street in which he resided was on one occasion crowded, and Hail Columbia broke on the stillness of midnight from five hundred patriotic voices.

UNCOLORED ACCOUNT OF A COLORED DUEL.

A duel between two darkies—a regular-built affair, conducted according to the most strict and punctilious provisions of the code of honor, came off one morning last week. The fight took place with pistols, of the most approved fashion, at sun-rise, on a small branch of the Metairie Road. [illegible] origin of the difficulty was, except that one of the parties, to use the phrase of one of the spectators, "was crossed in lub by de oder, and dat him hona mus hab satisfacshun."

We have learned, from one who was present at the combat, the particulars as they transpired. They were substantially as follows:

After having taken their stands one of the seconds noticed that, owing to their positions, the sunbeams set his principal a winking and rolling his eyes. This was a sufficient ground for interfering and he called out to the other second with

"I say, nigga, I puts my weto on dat posishun. Its agin de rules ob all de codes ob hona Ibe eber seen. De frection ob de sun shines rader too sebere and makes my principal roll him eye altogeder too much."

"Wy, wy, look here, didn't we chuck up a dollar for de choice ob ground, and didn't I get him myself?"

"Yes, I knows you did; but den fair play's a juba, and I'se no notion ob seein my fren composed upon and lose all de adwantage."

"Well, nigga, I'se no notion too, I'se jus as good a right to hab no notion as you is, and I 'sists on settlin the matter just as we is—and——"

At this juncture a friendly cloud settled the matter at once by stepping in between the sun and the belligerents. The two first causes again took their positions and all the little preliminaries being settled, each one took his pistol ready cocked from his second. Both manifested a tolerable degree of spunk, although a bluish paleness spread itself over their black cheeks. The second who was to give out the fatal order which might send them out of this world now took his ground. Raising his voice he began—

"Gentlemen, your time am cum."

Both signified their assent.

"Is you ready? Fiah! one, two, tree."

Bang, pop, went both pistols at once, one ball raising a dust in the middle of the road, while the other took a "slantindickular" course in among the bystanders, fortunately without hitting any one.

It was now time to interpose, and one of the seconds set himself about it. After a little conversation the challenged darky stepped forward and said to his antagonist,

"Nigga, is you satisfied?"

"I is."

"So is I, and I'se glad to get off so. Next time day catches dis nigga out on sich a foolish exhibition as dis dey'll hab to fotch me, dat dey will for sartin."

"Dem's my sentiments ezackly," retorted the other. "When your onmortal instrument of def went off I declar I thought I was gone child; but I'se so happy now—gosh, let's shake hands and go back to our abocations."

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In five minutes time all hands—enemies, friends, darkies, whites and all—were on the road home to work; perfectly satisfied with the sports of the morning.

N. O Picayune.

A HAPPY MEETING.—We were much amused a day or two since on the Levee to see the meeting of a couple of darkies, one a drayman, the other a fireman on board the unfortunate steamer *Oronoko* at the time she blew up. The drayman had supposed his old chum was among the blowed-up, and manifested his joy at seeing him alive and well in the following manner:—

"Wy, wy, look 'ere, is dat you, Sam? Is that really you, now, and is you alibe?"

"Dat I is, alibe and kickin."

"Well, I declar, I's so oberjoicified to see you. Wy, does you know dat we all cum to de conclushum dat you was aboard de Roarinoker when she busted up. Wasn't you one of dem unfortunate sufferers?"

"Well I was—but den you see I sabed myself."

"I see you did, Sam—but look here, how did you work dat maracle?"

"Can't 'zackly say as to dat. You see when de biler gib de grand exploshum, I got wat de English call de Irish hist. I radder speck I went about a mile and a quatter 'fore de power ob de shock stopped. Den I landed in de water, and when I 'gin to find out dat I was a liben mortal same as you is, den I struck out fore and aft, and made for de shore. But goshamighty, wasn't I a frightened nigger—I declar, 'twas a God-send my hair didn't turn gray from de fright—"

"*Hair!* ya, ya, ya—I say hair. But neber mind 'sputin 'bout such pints now. Jest get on my dray and go up to de carabet, and we'll take a couple of quartees all round for wat dey calls Old long Sam."

So saying the two darkies mounted the dray and went on their way rejoicing.

N. O. Picayune.

BURST OF TEETOTAL ELOQUENCE.—A staunch teetotal speaker thus emphatically addressed his attentive auditors at a late abstinance meeting in Stockton:—"Intoxicating drink," he exclaimed (duly suiting 'the action to the word and the word to the action'), "is nothing else, my friends, but liquid hell fire, which was first compounded in the sulphurous laboratory of the infernal regions, and there invented by that most diabolical of chemists—the devil. Stick then, stick to water, my friends, as a cobler sticks to his last, for you have no more occasion to swallow liquid fire, than a duck has for an 'umbrella' on a rainy day.

York Herald.

ADVENTURES OF A WOODEN LEG.

I am one of those unfortunate wights who have found themselves obliged to call on the carpenter for the purpose of mending the mortal frame. I was born complete, as sound as a pumpkin, with a pair of as sturdy limbs as ever kicked. I stumped about merrily on both of them during my youth, never dreaming that I should one day be indebted for the same peripatetical faculty to a stick of wood.

During the last war with Great Britain I served in our army on the frontier. I was in many battles, but managed throughout nearly the whole of the conflict to keep cold lead and iron out of me. I began to think myself bullet-proof—but never was a conjurer more mistaken, as I soon found at the battle of Plattsburgh, by help of a cannon ball, which took off my leg just below the knee. This happened in the beginning of the action, and I fell into the enemy's hand. We got the victory at last, as is well known, and when the British retreated, I was carried by them along with some of their own wounded. I was duly reported by the American returns "among the missing," and all my friends imagined me dead.

After lying some time in the British hospitals I was sent to Montreal, where I met with a very ingenious French mechanist, who fitted me with a new limb, so admirably constructed with springs and hinges, that, after a short practice, I found myself able to manage it with so much dexterity that it passed with the world for a real bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh. I was sent home to Boston after the peace, and received by my friends as one risen from the dead. They little imagined on seeing me safe and hearty that I had one foot in the grave.

Now, though I might have claimed and received a pension for the loss of my leg, yet I resolved to keep the matter secret—as who would not? Nobody wishes to be pitied for his wooden shins, when he can have the credit of wearing a pair of real live stumpers. No mortal of my acquaintance suspected that I had a sham leg, and I was resolved to take no pains to divulge the secret, but if I got a kick upon my wooden shin, even to scratch where it did not smart.

The pertinacity with which I have stuck to this determination has led me to the oddest adventures. I was kicked by a horse on my fictitious limb, and to the astonishment of everybody, walked home after it, without so much inconvenience as a sprained ancle. I was bitten by a mad dog most furiously in the same place, and every one prophesied that I should die, but I got well of the bite and amazed them all. A cart wheel ran over my foot and jammed it into a cocked hat; every one admired the fortitude with which I bore the pain. Walking home one cold day with the doctor, I stepped with one foot mid-leg deep in a puddle of water. The doctor was positive that I should take cold in consequence of it, and I won a wager of him by coming off without being hoarse the next morning, to his utter astonishment.

But this unfeeling limb of mine has sometimes brought me into awkward scrapes. I shall never forget how supremely foolish I felt one evening, when I had been ridiculing most unmercifully a certain foppish, conceited, pragmatical fellow about the town; all this I did in the presence of his two sisters, whom I did not know to be such, and never imagined that my friend Walter, who sat next me, would let me run on in such a strain without apprising me of the blunder I was committing.

"Why, you incomprehensible fellow," said he to me as soon as we had left the house, "what the vengeance possessed you to keep on talking in that style, when I was treading upon your toe every instant to make you stop?"

Once, indeed, I came very near being detected, and the artifice by which I escaped had the strangest effects. Who would believe that the ghost of a wooden leg could break off a match? or that by saving my limb I made Mr. Beau Babbleton lose his mistress? I will tell the whole story, for it is seldom that a wooden leg has kicked up such a dust.

One very dark evening I was walking homewards through a street where the side-walks were somewhat narrow, and the cellar entrances projected quite out to the curb-stone. One of these happened to be covered with a wooden grating, and in walking over it I trod on a defective part, and my foot broke through. It was my wooden leg, and in my endeavors to extricate it, the unfortunate limb broke loose and fell into the cellar.

Here was a terrible awkward situation for a fine gentleman to be in. There was no getting my leg out of its limbo in the dark, and to apply for help would discover me. Luckily I had my walking-stick, and with the help of that made shift to hobble to my lodgings, where I arrived undiscovered, thanks to the darkness and the lateness of the hour! But the difficulty was not over. I had lost my leg and no one could make me such another; or, if it could be replaced, the thing could not be effected without a delay of many days, and the story would infallibly get wind. What should I do? I knew the house into which my stray limb had stept, but was not on the right terms with the occupant to trust him with the secret. This was the most unlucky circumstance of all—he was Joe Clackabout, a person with whom I was involved in a quarrel, and was moreover an arrant busybody. In short he was the last man in the world that I would trust with the secret of my sham leg.

At last a thought struck me of a method to get my leg, and save my credit, for I saw plainly that my leg must be had immediately, or else the cat would be let out of the bag. I thought of Beau Babbleton, the foppish fellow mentioned above, as a personage on whom I might, with some conscience, play the trick of fathering my lost limb—I had got myself into bad odour with his sisters and two or three score of their gossiping female acquaintances, by the means of his foppery and the insensibility of my timber toes, and I determined now to be revenged upon him by means of the same intracticable member. The plan was this—to send by a trusty servant a note to Mr. Clackabout, requesting the leg in the name of Beau Babbleton, by which means I should get my limb again without being suspected, and Beau might account for the superfluity of shin bones in his own animal economy as well as he was able.

The plan succeeded to admiration, and much better than I looked for. For I had the luck to see a darky passing under my window in the morning, and him I sent off with the note. You must judge the surprise of Mr. and Mrs. Clackabout and his two sisters, as they sat at breakfast, when they received the following:—

"Mr. Babbleton's compliments to Mr. Clackabout, and requests he will have the goodness to despatch him his leg by the bearer: it will be found in the cellar. Mr. B. hopes to be excused for stepping through Mr. C.'s cellar door last evening."

Nobody knew what to make of this strange epistle at first. One thought it was a hoax, but on sending into the cellar the leg was found sure enough, and the breach in the grating where the misstep had been made. And then what a staring and wonderment there was among the Clackabouts at the discovery of Beau Babbleton's artifice. Who would have thought it! they all exclaimed—a tip top dandy, a buck of the first water, an irresistible creature among the ladies: and yet doing all this with a wooden leg! Oh! monstrous!

However, after a pretty close scrutiny of this unfortunate limb, it was delivered to Cuffy, who passed for Beau Babbleton's servant, as no questions were asked, and my stray appendage brought me without any discovery being made. Now I was Richard himself again, but Beau Babbleton absolutely beside himself. Mr. Clackabout chanced to meet him the same forenoon, and wished him joy on the recovery of his leg. Beau replied that his leg had never been ill.

"Not ill, to be sure," said Mr. C., "but terribly out of joint."

"Out of joint! out of joint, Sir! what do you mean?"

"Oh, I don't mean that it was hurt in breaking through the cellar door; indeed, I believe it was sent in good order; truly, you walk very well with it—one would never suspect you."

"Never suspect me!" said Beau, "I don't understand you.—Pray what do you suspect me of?"

"Of getting the boot on the wrong foot; you needn't think to mystify me. What! brave it out in this fashion, when you left it in my cellar last evening, and I sent it to you this morning?"

"Really, Mr. Clackabout," said the other, "you talk like a man who has lost his senses."

"Really, Mr. Babbleton, your effrontery is too much to bear—you will make a lame piece of work of it, and get yourself into a *hobble*. I advise you to show a little more *understanding*." And with these punning allusions to Beau's fancied infirmity, Mr. Clackabout walked off.

Poor Babbleton was utterly confounded at being snubbed and brow-beaten in this incomprehensible manner. But this was cakes and gingerbread to what happened afterwards, for the Miss Clackabouts kept the secret of Beau's wooden leg in the customary way: that is, they told it in confidence to all their acquaintances; and the consequence was, the greatest rout and stir among the *beau monde* that ever was in Boston!

Miss Tiltaffety, to whom Beau was engaged to be married, being his seventeenth flame, was so shocked at hearing the intelligence, that she called for hartshorn, and vowed she would never see him again. The match was therefore broken off, for nobody could ever persuade her the story was incorrect, as she knew him to be guilty of false whiskers, and a buckram and a whalebone waist, and a sham leg was a horse of the same color. Beau was obliged to put up with his ill luck, but he could never endure the sight of anything that reminded him of a wooden leg afterwards. Even to this day he never sees a person with a hitch in his gait without a sigh.

THE POT AND THE KETTLE,

OR THE TWO KINGS OF BRENTFORD,

A Farce, as acted behind the scenes at Covent Garden Theatre.

Since the non-appearance of the Athenian Captive, the Great Tragedian and the Great Dramatist have been at daggers drawn in the true Melpomene style. They had previously, like the two royal personages who have the honor of supplying one of the above titles, been constantly smelling at the same nosegay; but, alas! the demon of discord came between them, arrayed in petticoats, and divided the band which held together the Siamese Twins of the only Legitimate Drama. In other words, Macready and Talfourd have dissolved partnership; the cause of their dissolution was the dispute respecting the two tragedy Queens, who have strutted their hour on the Covent Garden boards during the season. The Great Tragedian had a preference for Mrs. Warner, and would not be satisfied without her important assistance; whereas the Great Dramatist supported the pretensions of Miss Helen Faucit, "who has made so great a sacrifice to the common cause!" Ha! ha! ha! But the breach will now never be healed, as the lady of the Great Dramatist first spurns the Great Tragedian with all a woman's offended importance. However, let us give an extract from the farce, which, when produced, will no doubt be a good substitute for the Athenian Captive.

Scene—The dressing-room of the Great Tragedian.—A table on which is a Shakspeare, with additions and improvements—some cold rice pudding, and half a bottle of soda water *The Athenian Captive* lies under the table, the mutilated condition of which evidently shows that it is well suited to the closet.

Enter the Great T. and the Great D.

Great D. That you have "done" me doth apppear in this;
You have condemned my grand *Athenian Captive*,
Because you would not play except with Warner.
And all my letters on Miss Faucit's side,
Because I liked the girl, were slighted off.

Great T. You "did" yourself in writing such a play.

Great D. At such a time as this, it is not right
That every stupid line should have its comment.

Great T. Let me tell you, Talfourd, you yourself
Are noted well for having vast conceit;
And think your name can carry nonsense down
So underserving.

Great D. I got vast conceit!
You know you are Macready speaking thus,
Or, by my wig, this speech were else your last.

Great T. The size of Talfourd saves him from my anger,
And chastisement therefore shan't reach his head.

Great D. Chastisement!

Great T. Remember Bunn!—the fate of Bunn remember;
Did not great Alfred bleed, and roar, and quake?
What blows then marked his body, that did tell
And not severely? What! shall I great Mac,
Who struck the foremost of the chief lessees,
But for his cursed spitting, shall I now
Contaminate my knuckles with mean curs,
And strain my mighty pugilistic fame
With so much trash as may be beaten thus?
[*Kicks the call-boy, just entering.*
I'd rather be a knave to trim the lamps,
Than such a kicker.

Great D. Bully, kick not me:
I'll not endure it: I'm a kicker, I,
Older in practice, stronger than yourself
To thrash a puppy.

Great T. Go to: you're not Talfourd.

Great D. I am.

Great T. I say you are not.

Great D. Dare me no more—I can't restrain myself;
Take care, Sir, of your head: tempt me no further.

Great T. Away! vain man!

Thus terminated the business between the illustrious pair. There will, however, be no occasion for the interference of friends, as the courage of each has, like Bob Acres', oozed out at every pore. London Satirist

FEMALE FONDNESS FOR FIELD SPORTS.

Though the modes in which field sports of the present time are pursued or carried on, are not exactly calculated for the fair sex, yet that ladies feel a deep interest in the details of our genuinely characteristic rural diversions is incontestibly proved by the attention with which they listen to their recital, as also by their anxiety to catch a glimpse of their active operations whenever a convenient opportunity is presented.

If we refer to the most remote of our authenticated records of the chase, to the time of the Saxons, for instance, it does not appear that ladies assumed the character of Diana, nor indeed would the javelin and the short sword of this period (used by the Saxons in the pursuit of the boar, the stag, &c) have well become the female hand—even in these times of comparative barbarism. When the fierce Normans attained the ascendancy in this country, as they were passionately fond of field sports, the operations of the chase assumed a different and an improved form: these impetuous and overbearing sportsmen introduced dogs of a very superior description, and in particular that original progenitor of all our varieties of the hound, the Talbot, remarkable for his superior bulk and strength, for the wonderful acuteness of his powers of smell, for his sagacity, his deep sonorous voice, and also for his majestic appearance. Yet the system of the chase introduced by these very unwelcome strangers was equally at variance with feminine habits, and we therefore have no accounts of the fair sex partaking of the masculine and dangerous forest sports of these times, except, perhaps in regard to hawking.

The extensive ruins in the Arabian desert which point to a period of remote civilization and human grandeur in this now dreary and desolate region of the earth, are still entitled to particular notice as having been the residence of one of the most extraordinary females that ever existed: we allude to Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra, whose warlike achievements, and final overthrow by the Romans, have been handed down to us by that ablest of historians, Gibbon. This Princess, to great beauty of person, added a most accomplished mind; but conscious of her masculine capacity, she led her armies to battle, accompanied by her husband Odenathus, who, although an accomplished soldier, bowed before the towering genius of his wife. As they opposed the enemy in company, so they followed the chase together; and as Zenobia shone conspicuous as a military leader, she was equally distinguished in launching the javelin at the wild beasts of the forest.

It may, perhaps, be very correctly remarked that as Queen Elizabeth was endowed with a masculine mind (a mental capacity beneath which those extraordinary men, Coke and Bacon, quailed), so she introduced a sort of masculine spirit amongst the females by whom she was surrounded, in regard to the sports of the field. Elizabeth is represented as having been much attached to hunting, but the mode in which the chase was conducted to which this extraordinary female professed so strong an attachment was very different from what is understood by this term (hunting) in the present day; coursing the deer was her favorite rural pastime, a meagre diversion certainly, which would afford little gratification for modern taste. For instance, a number of deer were caught (in some Park, close, or forest), and having been secured in places or boxes for the purpose, were let out one at a time; and the animal, when loosed from his close confinement, found himself under the necessity of running a course from end to end; a large dog, something like what is called the Irish wolf dog, was slipped after him, and if the deer was overtaken, he lost his life, but if he succeeded in reaching the end of the run, he was received into a sanctuary, and was afterwards restored to liberty.

In glancing at those females who have been remarkable for their attachment to the sports of the field, it would be unpardonable to omit the notice of Juliana Berners Abbess of St. Albans', who became so passionately fond of falconry, that it is not an outrageous stretch of imagination to suppose that having experienced disappointment in the wished for advances of the opposite sex, she sought a consoling forgetfulness in the aerial contests to which we have alluded. Be this as it may, this lady not only practised hawking, but studied it as a science, and gave to the world her ideas upon the subject through the medium of the press. From that time falconry was cherished in the family, and might be said to descend through successive generations as a heir loom to the estate, as it continued to be followed till the demise of the last direct descendant, and we fear the long-continued characteristic has become extinct in the death of the late Lord Berners.

If we descend to more modern times, we find (in a collection of anecdotes of the late celebrated Major Topham) the portraiture of a man who was the genuine Nimrod of his day, "Old Draper," who resided at Berwick Hall, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, and who bred, fed, and hunted the staunchest pack of foxhounds at that time in England. William Draper, Esq., whose income was only £700 per annum, brought up creditably eleven sons and daughters, kept a stable of excellent hunters, besides a carriage and horses suitable for his wife and daughters, one of whom, Di, became as fond of the pursuit of the fox as her father, was an extraordinary rider over a country, and assisted her parent in the management of the hounds. "She died at York in a good old age, and what was surprising to many sportsmen who feared to follow her, with whole bones, in her bed."

At that period of the old school of hunting when the extraordinary speed of which the hound is susceptible was unknown, and the pace consequently very slow indeed compared with the celerity of modern times, inasmuch as female refinement, particularly in equestrianism, was not so well understood (the side saddle being an introduction not very remote) it is probable that ladies frequently appeared in the field, and followed the pursuit on horseback; indeed instances of female fox-hunters are not wanting in modern times, or at the present day. The wife of the late Colonel Thornton (a very fine figure and a very beautiful woman) frequently accompanied her husband to the hunting field, and rode with great skill and uncommon spirit. This lady became celebrated for the match she rode against the late Mr. Flint, over Knavesmire, in which she proved unsuccessful, accusing her opponent of unfair riding; in consequence of this accusation, or other motives, Colonel Thornton refused to pay his stake, and on that account was horsewhipped severely by Mr. Flint. The difference was ultimately adjusted in Westminster Hall, in which appeal for damages, however, Colonel Thornton was non-suited. Mrs. Thornton (whose Christian name was Alicia) left her husband, and became miserably reduced; fourteen years since we saw her, when she was residing in a wretched garret in Clement's Inn Passage, where we believe she died—in abject poverty.

The late Dowager Marchioness of Salisbury, whose lamentable fate must be fresh in the recollection of our readers (being burnt to death in the fire which consumed part of Hatfield House) was a very distinguished equestrian, highly celebrated for her performance with fox-hounds

In our hunting experience, we have frequently seen the beautiful Lady Elizabeth Belgrave (now Lady Grosvenor) meet the Cheshire hounds; she witnessed the find, and if it so happened that lanes or other means of keeping near the hounds without the necessity of jumping, happened to occur, she continued to follow, and under such circumstances we once observed her up at the death. As soon as reynard had been deprived of his brush, the huntsman (Will Head), with good sense, and in the genuine spirit of English gallantry, presented her Ladyship with this distinguished trophy of the chase.

The Lady of Sir T. Stanley, of Hooton Hall, Cheshire, is an admirer of foxhunting; when the fixture happens to be at Hooton, the hounds are brought in front of the house, where they receive the caresses of her Ladyship, of which these interesting animals always appear extremely proud. We have seen Lady Stanley occasionally appear in the park for the purpose of witnessing the operations of the hounds, and as foxes hang to the covers which fringe this extensive and beautiful inclosure, she and her female friends had an opportunity of observing reynard cross from one part to another, seated in a phaeton drawn by a pair of steady grey ponies.

We have seen many ladies appear at the fixture; indeed the first Monday in November uniformly draws together a considerable number of the lovely part of creation at Kirby Gate, Leicestershire, being the place where the Melton hunt meet the first day of the regular hunting season. Yet we never saw a female ride to hounds, except Lady Helen Lowther, wife of Colonel Lowther, second son of the Earl of Lonsdale. Many years have rolled over our heads since we first met this accomplished equestrian at the fixture of the hounds of her father-in-law, at Little Daulby, three miles from Melton. Lady Helen was habited in scarlet, carried a hunting whip in her hand, was mounted upon a splendid and a very powerful horse, who appeared proud of the lovely burden which he bore so gallantly along. She rode forward and fearlessly.

Without multiplying our remarks, we are free to confess that we always regarded following the hounds as rather an outre employment for the fair sex, though their appearance at the fixture gave us unqualified pleasure, and in our estimation threw a graceful brilliancy over the gay scene underivable from any other source.

London Sportsman for June.

PIKE FISHING.

But who comes here rowing his boat to land laden with a large cargo of dry reeds for thatching? Surely that form was once familiar, though "Time's effacing fingers" have been busy with it! But see he jumps on shore, and drags his cargo "high and dry." I can no longer doubt: 'tis old Charley Adams, one of the few characters in humble life that I could never part with (after spending some hours in his company) without a feeling something akin to envy creeping over me. He found happiness without seeking it; it lay in his path in early life, and he fell over it; and, instead of spurning it away in wrath as thousands have done in all ages, he seized the stumbling-block, and took it *home* with him.

"A fisherman he had been in his youth,
And still a sort of fisherman was he."

He had also, as a Frenchman would say, "served;" and although, as he often asserted, the Mounseers never could cast a bullet that would fit his carcase, yet an artillery wagon in its speedy transit managed to him grievous bodily harm, and brought about his dismissal from the army, accompanied at the same time with something better than the mere thanks of his country—"a pension:" added to this, he was the owner and occupier of a neat cottage and a few acres of land, a cheerful disposition and a contented mind. A soldier returned from the seat of war and the recent battle field is one of the greatest and most interesting characters that a schoolboy's mind can imagine, and Sergeant Adams's cottage was sure to be our place of rendezvous every half-holiday in the summer months. With him we fished and rowed, and asked questions, the number and simplicity of which never for one moment disturbed the cheerful serenity of his patience. Did any one visit this *terra incognita* for wild-fowl shooting or fishing, Charley was hired as guide and companion. He had the happy knack of finding out in five minutes the sort of character he must act for the day. With a stranger whom he served, he could be as still and dark as Erebus, or as bustling and busy as a magpie; and the peculiar style in which he put his hand to his cap when giving an answer *to* a Don brought him in at least an extra five pounds per quarter. The Schoolmaster *kept at home* at the time when Adams first went, as did Emanuel Jennings, to the village Domine to rub sour small beer and lamp-black upon little boys' shoes committed to his industry, ere the Day (not forgetting the Martin) had shone in full lustre upon calf-skin or cordovan, and where in return for such services he received from the master the rudiments of learning, and from the scholars (in the usual course in which such wares are allotted) some halfpence, but more kicks. But "manners make the man," and the discipline of the army completed his education. His step is not quite so martial or his form quite so erect as when last we met, and his hair is changed from black to white through the several gradations of iron and silvery grey. Our greeting was quick, and we met as all men must do after a long separation, full of inquiry respecting the few years that have immediately preceded the present, yet with a sort of restlessness to reach the end of such information, that we may sit down beside each other and browse upon the incidents of "auld lang syne." Adams gave directions to his boy respecting his boat and its cargo, and we walked leisurely up to his cottage, beneath which neat and friendly roof, and the shade of the trees adjoining it, I passed the remainder of the day. My cold luncheon (with which I am always armed when upon a ramble) was added to my host's frugal meal, and our pic-nic was discussed with that peculiar *gout* and zest that a grass table-cloth or a hedgerow shelter never fails unaccountably to impart to the commonest viands, even to those who from off plates of gold and "under the canopies of costly state" can scarcely find appetite enough to toy with *un filet mignon de becasse*, or *salmi de perdreaux aux truffes*.

The day was now pretty far advanced, and Charley lit his pipe, and like the ancient Patriarchs we sat at the door of his tent. A few preliminary puffs, and my companion commenced. "I don't wonder, Mr. Chisel, that you are grieved and surprised at the great alterations in the appearance of the country around us; but living upon the spot as I did during the change, and indeed occasionally assisting in the work, tree and shrub disappeared gradually, and I became reconciled to each separate loss with the same feelings that a soldier bestows upon a comrade who falls by his side, and whose place is immediately supplied by a substitute. But I can't help saying that I miss the many friendly faces that used to greet me so often in the course of every year, the old frequenters of these lakes and streams. Grim Death has certainly walked off with one or two; but then you know, Sir, he had his orders: 'tis these new-fangled times that I lament that have sent so many honest English hearts from the homes of their fathers, some to live upon newspapers and bread-and-cheese in smoky towns, and some to pine away their lives in a foreign land. You have not seen the worst yet. There's Monson Hall and Hayfield Lodge, with deal planks in their window-frames instead of glass, the gardener living in one, and the farming bailiff in the other; and the Grange, where old Mr. Winston lived—that fine old English yeoman, whose ale was as well known the country round as his face (God rest him!)—is cut up into patches, and let out to pennyless folk who I fear can do no good to themselves or others."

"Well, Adams," I answered, "these are melancholy truths, which we must acknowledge; but now for a while let us try to forget them: you must tell me some of your fishing exploits. Where now are the favorite holes for your old friends the pike and the perch? You were my first preceptor with rod and line, and I have no doubt you have a few wrinkles yet in store for me. I have related the story of that day's fishing when we were joined by my friends Lovell and Buckle so often, that it now falls as heavily upon the ears of my fire-side companions, as did the tales of the renowned Don Quixotte upon his trusty Squire whilst travelling through the passes of the mountains of the Sierra Morena, and a new one or two I must beg, borrow, or steal."

"I don't think," said Charley, "that you could have hit upon a more fortunate subject than the last: 'tis very rarely that I now wet a line; there are some fish remaining, but a good day's sport is a thing now scarcely heard of."

"What! have the fish then felt the change of the times, and left their old haunts, or committed suicide?" I ventured to ask.

"Not exactly so, Sir," continued Adams, "though they have been sorely persecuted—first, by those infernal steam kettles that go hissing up and down some of our best rivers: why, Sir, even the sea-fish can scarcely find a feeding ground free from their abominations: then you see the marshes being cut and drained, the water is always lower, and those fine beds of weeds by the margin have died, and those large patches in different parts of the lake have been cut away, and there is no shelter left. In my opinion, Sir, good beds of weeds are as necessary to the growth, health, and well-doing of fish, and quite as necessary to their preservation, as a good thick underwood is to game in woods and coverts. Those weeds Nature sent not only as food and medicines to be used occasionally by the finny tribes, but they contain some nostrum by which the scales of fish are cemented on and kept bright. Catch a pike or perch in a mill-dam, or in any part of the river where no weed appears, let him leave the waters with the most healthy glowing hue, yet he will show you where he has been, if you wash him as soon as he is dead, by the great quantity of vegetable slimy matter that presses out from beneath his scales. Then again, since the Peace the laws for the protection of fish have been sadly set at naught and disregarded. During the War, if the men who obtained

a living by fishing were caught with nets the meshes of which were below the legal standard, they were fined for the first offence, and for a second offence often sent aboard a man-o'-war; but the Peace came, and idle hands were plenty, and the poor's rate high, and then, as soon as a man was taken before the magistrates, and convicted, and a fine imposed, his answer was invariably this: 'Well, Gentlemen, I have no money, therefore you may send me to prison, and take and maintain my wife and children.' In this way they got off, and now, Sir, they have nets that will stop a minnow. As to a smelt ever getting up the rivers now, 'tis a thing unheard of; and in Welstead Mill Pool, where with old Squire Watson on a beautiful moon-light night I once caught the best part of a bushel basket full with casting nets, I am told by one of the men who works in the mill, there has not been one seen for years.* There is but one piece of water, Notting Lake, that I know of remaining as of old, and that is beyond man's power to alter, unless it could be laid dry: besides it is private property, and strictly preserved, and the decoy for wild-fowl prevents fishing there six months out of the twelve. There must be more fish in it than in any lake of the same size in England."

"True, Charles; it has been said so often the people begin to think that it is true, that the probable weight of fish there is equal to the water; but how comes it that pike, which abound there, never come to the largest size."

"That is an opinion, excuse me, Sir," continued Adams, "I cannot agree to."

"Why, no one ever takes one!" said I.

"Very seldom, I know, Sir; but that appears to me more from want of skill or a clear knowledge of the nature of this particular fish. In the first place, you will please to remember that the whole of the bottom of this lake is covered with stumps, roots, and branches of trees, so that no net can by any possibility be used in dragging the holes where these large fish invariably keep, and 'tis but seldom that a pike that has attained to a very large size feeds."

"You astonish me! Is it not proverbial that the pike is the most voracious of all the finny tribe?"

"Undoubtedly," continued Adams, "and whilst he is young and growing so he is; any one who is in the habit of trolling knows that the smallest pike will rise at anything, and, unless they are frightened by the approach of a larger one, will be constantly taking your bait: like light privateers they cruize about in search of prey; but when they arrive at about 3lb. weight, they lie in ambush, occupy some hole which is untenanted by a much larger, these latter by the law of arms making choice of the best places in the water. Thus an angler should invariably in pike-fishing stick to what are termed favorite holes, even should he fancy that he took out all it contained yesterday; for never was there a good fish taken out of these chosen spots without his place being taken possession of by another of some size or other in less than twenty-four hours. Like ourselves, they know the best situation for *business*, and those who want them the least are nine times out of ten the occupiers. This activity appears to me to continue, wind and weather thereunto moving, till the fish arrives at about nine or ten pounds weight, and of about the same number of years of age; for where pike are well fed they will increase about 1lb. a-year up to this time. Having attained to their aldermanic proportions, they retire from busy life, and exist upon an occasional *gorge* after the manner of the boa constrictor, and they will not take a common small bait. How long a fish can exist without food we know not, but we do know that fish confined in tanks will continue upon a plentiful supply of fresh water alone for a very long time without any material diminution in weight; and even when at liberty, under certain atmospheric influences, they will not *bite* as the schoolboys have it, though I would have the pike or perch fisher make the experiment in any weather, having myself had capital sport in a cold north-east wind with light snow storms."

"Well, Adams, you have certainly put the matter in a new light, to me at least, and have offered me a fresh subject to think upon. I do not *instanter* quarrel with your theories, but what matters of fact derived from practice or experience have you for those opinions respecting these aldermanic pike who have 'passed the chair?'

"Simply this, Sir: during the whole of my life I have seen but four *immense* pike taken by the hook; one exceeded 40lb., the other three 30lb., and every *one of the four* was taken with a pike exceeding 4lb. weight, who had seized the original bait and was in his turn taken. But from a pike that I once witnessed make his escape I am still more wedded to my opinion. It happened that I was walking upon the banks of the river Waveney some years since, when I fell in with the Curate of the parish in which we stood, who was, just as I came by, busied in taking up some still lines which he had put out for pike about two hours previously. At a wide and deep turn in the river, a most inviting looking spot—but most unaccountably unlucky of late years, the Curate observed (yet he never left it untried)—we saw that his line was drawn out to the full extent: carefully and steadily did he draw it towards the shore, observing 'there is a fish upon it, but not a good one. Within one yard of the bank we drew him, and such a monster my eyes never beheld. To have attempted to have landed him without playing him at the moment, we thought, would have been madness—but as it turned out, under the circumstances, it would have been our only chance, so we let him have his run, fastening another line to that he had taken, and tying on a large bunch of reeds to act as a buoy, expecting a chase of a mile at least: but guess our mortification, on our second draw, at finding upon the hook a dead pike of nearly 5lb. weight, nearly cut in two by the teeth of the one we had just caught sight of, and who of course, not having gorged our '*top dish*,' threw it away disgusted at our interference, and has never been seen since. Day after day, and, I may now add, year after year, has the Curate tried that hole and its vicinity without meeting with him. The river was not a private fishery, and had such a pike been taken, every one in the neighborhood must have known it; and my belief is, that if he has escaped the otters he is still within a quarter of a mile of the same spot. These are the reasons for the opinions I have formed, and at which many will smile, but you are the first person to whom they have been communicated; and there are few persons who would make the experiment by spoiling a nice table-fish of 4lb. or 5lb. upon an uncertainty, every one feeling that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.' I am aware that pike have been fed up to a large size in fish-ponds with small baits, but there, like domestic fowls, they are reclaimed from a state of Nature, and their natural habits in a great measure give way to artificial ones; don't you think so, Sir?"

"I think it likely; but, Adams, we will not touch upon any new matter at present, for

"now fades the glimmering landscape to the sight;"

and I must say farewell; but it shall not be long ere we meet again, when we will pursue this subject or start a fresh one." P. C.

London Sporting Magazine.

* Adams's account of the "falling off" of sport in those waters is true *verbatim et literatim*.—H F.

A GOOD STORY, IF TRUE.

The story of the man of his Majesty's 71st Regiment falling overboard from the Chambly steamboat, between Long Point and Montreal, and so miraculously appearing on the beach before his comrades had disembarked, reminded me of a circumstance that occurred during my servitude on board the Dolphin man-of-war, bound to the West Indies.

We were going at the rate of about three knots and a half an hour, when Tom Garboard, belonging to the foretop, (who, by-the-bye, was a bit of a wag,) sleeping in the forechains, by a sudden lurch of the ship, was thrown overboard.

A man overboard! was the general cry fore and aft, and every one ran to offer or give assistance to the drowning man.

Tom, who was a tolerable good swimmer, as every body thought, but nothing extraordinary, woke on finding himself in deep water, and began to use his paddles, and the ship passing ahead as I was saying before, at the rate of three knots and a half, Tom was soon lost sight of under the counter, (for although our ship was not on Sir Robert Sepping's plan, yet she was pretty full abaft,) when Tom was lucky enough to get hold of the rudder chains. The hands all ran aft expecting to see Tom astern, and to lower the jolly boat to pick him up—but no Tom was to be seen, "He's gone," said they, "to Davy's Locker," and all efforts ceased.

Our ship was very deep, bound out to the West Indies, consequently our gun-room ports were low in the water. This Tom saw, and as it was getting dark, he waited until they beat to quarters, and piped hammocks down, before he got on board, which he did, and then popped into the lady's hold, where the gunner keeps his wads and spare monkey's tails, and there remained till the middle of the first watch, when he sallied forth and made free with our bread bags, taking enough to last him for three days.

At the end of this time we were jogging along at an easy rate, with scarcely any wind, about a knot, when master Tom, unobserved, slips out of the port he came in at, and dropping astern, began to hail the ship.

"The Dolphin ahoy!"

"Hallo!" says the quarter-master, who was about getting a pull on the main-brace.

Says Tom—"If you don't back the main-sail and heave to, I shall sink, for no man can swim to the West Indies without provisions.

Every body ran aft in amazement; for it had been blowing fresh during the time we had supposed he had been overboard; but there was no time to be lost—so the boat was lowered, and poor Tom was picked up, to the great gratification of every body on board.

On our arrival, as the captain was on shore dining with the governor, the talk turned upon swimming. The governor was extolling the powers of a black man he had, and the captain declared no one could swim with Tom Garboard, of the Dolphin's foretop. However, to make a long story short, the captain and the governor made a very heavy bet—the time was appointed—Tom requested one week to get ready.

The carpenters were ordered to make what chests and conveniences Tom required. The purser was instructed, at his request, to supply a fortnight's provisions. The day came, and Tom went on shore at the wharf appointed, when he began to stow his grub. The black fellow looked at him with astonishment.

"What you do dere, massa!" says he.

"What am I doing here!" says Tom, "why I am taking in my provisions, to be sure; for not a bit of this do you get on the road."

"Why, massa," says the negro, "me no more swim nine or ten miles."

Says Tom, as if in amazement at the short distance—"Why, man, I'm going to Tobago, which I believe is over two hundred miles, and shan't be back for a fortnight."

The spectators were astonished. The black refused to swim. The governor lost his wager, and it was not until we were homeward bound, that Tom told the secret. Montreal Herald.

COCKNEY LYRIC.

TO MISS HARRABELLA HOGSFLESH HAT CAMBERVELL.

Hair—"My Lodgin is on the cold ground."

Divine Harabella, vhenever hi calls
To my mind hall them butees Hov thine,
Hi forgets shop and bisness, a thinkin Hi falls,
Hand Hi sits down to rite you a line.
You're Wenus's darter, hor Helse you're er neece,
I solemnly wow hand declare;
For my art assent ad not a moment of peece,
Since Hi saw'd you at Cambervell fare.

There so silp-like you slided the ball-room along,
Hin the Vorlse, hand the pritty Quodrill;
Hand so swetely you vorbull'd ven called for a song,
Tnat Hi think Hi am ereing you still.
So black vos your hies, and so red vos your cheaks,
Hand so Hawburn the Curls hov your are,
That Hi swares by old Job, hand its truth vot Hi spekes,
You vos the fairest ov Cambervell fare.

The Ho! Harabella, beleeve vot Hi says,
Live vithout you no longer Hi can;
Hi ne'er can ave no peece, by nites or by days,
Hi ham a most mis'rablest man;
Thorts, vords, langwige fails me, no more Hi can't speke;
Ho! vot can Hi vith you compair!
Ther's nothing hon hearth that my buzzum can seek
Like the fairest ov Cambervell fare.

A VENETIAN SERENADE.

WORDS BY GEORGE P. MORRIS—MUSIC BY C. E. HORN.

I.

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love—arise!
And shame the bright stars
With the light of thine eyes!
Look out from thy lattice!
Oh lady-bird, hear!—
A swan on the water
Floats my gondolier!
Come, come to me, love!

II.

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love—my bride!
O'er crystal in moonbeams
We'll tranquilly glide.
In the dip of the oar
A melody flows
Sweet as the nightingale
Sings to the rose!
Come, come to me, love!

III.

Come, come to me, love!
Come, love—the day
Brings warder and cloister—
Away and away!
Oh haste to thy lover—
Not yon star above
Is more true to heaven
Than he to his love!
Come, come to me, love!

LONDON TABLE-TALK.

Epsomiana.—We were gratified beyond measure at seeing Taglioni and Grisi at the Grand Stand. The name of the place, as the former told us, was alone sufficient for her. We took the opportunity of asking Giulietta whether she coincided in opinion, and she "*vos say no.*" Of course we coincided with the delicious decision. That Taglioni should be seen amongst *the legs*, as Chesterfield remarked, was most appropriate; and that Grisi should be occupied in "*exchanging notes*" not the less so. The best and worst remark, however, that we feel ourselves authorised to make upon the subject is, that neither of the ladies appear to us to be a bit "*the better*" for their visit. Age.

Fishing Extraordinary.—Mr. Yarrell recently stated that anchovy had been caught in the Thames. Now that *Ann* Chovy has been nibbled, we shall shortly find that *John* Dors, her constant lover, becomes quite a fish out of [illegible] rice O Connell, hearing that anchovies could be caught in the Thames, put himself in a wherry, and fished for a whole day at Battersea-bridge. He came home in great glee, declaring that, although he had not nibbled any anchovies, he had caught a very *fine red herring*.

The validity of a will of a gentleman named Hope was tried in the Prerogative Court on Tuesday, and in the summing up Sir Herbert Jenner enumerated various proofs of eccentricity, one of which was "a letter to his sister, in which he bestows on her his malediction and curse for not sounding the alarm in early life, as to a *disease in the nose*, with which he fancied himself afflicted, and which had disabled him from *shining in public life*." Sir Herbert concluded the writer to be insane, and, we think, with good reason, since every one knows that many a man in public life "shines" as much by virtue of his nose as anything, and perhaps without the help of that prominent feature, would not shine at all. Farley, the comedian, ought to know something of this matter, and a disease of the nose prevents a man from cutting a conspicuous figure in the world. Satirist.

"Lord Londonderry appears to have found his pin (a valuable diamond, lost at the Opera) under very curious circumstances," observed the Earl of Essex to his lady. "Yes," replied the Countess, "and you appear to have lost your's under very curious circumstance." Essex was quite at fault, as he has been from the first day of his marriage.

The Marquis of Waterford getting of late, as an Irishman would express it, "blue mouldy for want of a bating," has some thought of inserting, by the advice of a noble "swell" acquaintance, an advertisement in the papers to the following purport:—"Any one who has a bunch of fives to dispose of may hear of a *customer* by applying," &c. We dare say the announcement would help the Marquis to what he wants, unless he was found to be an uglier "customer" than was expected.

Widow Camac's six horses, two outriders, and favorite footman, form one of the most imposing "turn outs" of the present day. The fair widow is not quite seventy—has a life-settlement of several thousands per annum, and the fee simple of a *rouge* estate that, properly worked, would double her income. The lady still retains her love for music, and the neighborhood of Mansfield-street nightly echoes with the sweet sounds of her mellifluent voice, mingled with the notes of the harp or piano. Her variation on the old ballad "Nobody coming to marry me, nobody coming to woo," is one of the most complete musical triumphs ever heard! Satirist.

The quarrel between Macready and Talfourd is said to have arisen about a mere trifle—but whether that "trifle" was the Athenian Captive, or Macready's performance of a particular character of Shakspeare, we are not prepared to say—we rather think the former.

"You affect, Ben, to know everything—pray can you tell me why the post-office conveyance are called *mail*-coaches!" asked Sykes of his "pal" D'Israeli. "Not exactly," rejoined the Jew, "unless they derive their *masculine* prefix from the circumstance of their being the property of John *Bull*." Sykes eulogised the wit, not the wisdom of his friend.

NOT AT ALL EQUIVOCAL.

"I'm *mistress* here," the vixen Campbell cried.
"I know it," Argyle quietly replied.

In an excursion down the river last summer, a large circle of private friends were thrown into hysterics by a remark of Melbourne. The vessel, a government steamer, in which the noble party were, was just clear of the pool when the captain of a collier, in a tone that reminded all who heard it of the old Joe Miller jest, called out to one of his men to "throw over the *painter*." "By G—," exclaimed Melbourne starting from his seat, "you shall do no such thing—be under no apprehension, Palmerston, not a soul shall touch you!" The effect was electrical.

The Marquis of Anglesey, in talking over Irish affairs a few days ago, is understood to have said that his heart will always be in Ireland. We are inclined to give the noble Marquis credit for the sincerity of this assertion, since it is not improbable that a man should have his heart in Ireland, whose leg has been so long in *Cork*.

"The father who made you and the mother who bore you," said O'Connell indignantly to D'Israeli, "were both enemies to the human race." "Excuse me," said *Ben*, attempting to be witty for once in his life, "they were *Ben*-efactors."

The Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer was observed to hurl a bottle at the head of the British Queen. This reads rather strangely at first, but the fact merely relates to the ceremony of launching the new American steam-ship. It is rather unusual for ladies to *crack a bottle*, but in this case the act is perfectly excusable. Had the Duchess of St. Albans been alive, the ceremony might have been performed by her Grace in a very different manner.

Royal Pastimes.—Among all the occupations of the morning, the Queen still finds time to continue taking lessons in singing from Signor Lablache, who has had the distinguished honor of teaching her Majesty for some time prior to the accession. The Queen is also in the habit of performing piano-forte duets with such of the young ladies in waiting as are musical; but her Majesty seldom plays alone.

The *Honorable* Mr. Norton continues to caution the public, by advertisement, against trusting his wife. It is to be regretted that he did not discover long ago that the lady was not to be trusted.

The Court Newsman, who labors so incessantly in his vocation, ought to be a little careful as to the associations with which he connects her Majesty. At the dinner given by the Duke of Sussex, there was a piece of plate "which particularly attracted the attention of her Majesty;" and we are informed that "it exhibited in high relief the Rape of the Sabine Women." A subject like this could hardly have proved very attractive to our virgin Queen; it is certainly not one peculiarly suited to the contemplation of the most delicate lady in the land.

We would decidedly recommend the married widow of Wych-street to look more carefully at the construction of her play-bills. We find it announced during the past week that "*A Peculiar Position*" would be "followed by *Naval Engagements*." We are well aware that Vestris is one of the free and easy school, but we are of opinion that too great latitude ought not to be given to the expression of feeling. Peculiar positions and naval engagements somehow or other create peculiar ideas.

Some men take a pride in being the architects of their own fortunes. Crockford was boasting the other day that it was too hard to abuse him, for all he possessed was got by his own hands. "Excuse me," said Duncombe, who formed one of the knot to whom the observation had been addressed, "whatever you owe to your *hands* would have been worth nothing without your *legs*." Crocky admitted that his footing could only be secure so long as he had legs to support him.

DEATH AND PROMOTION.

The French Grand Chamberlain has cut his *stick*,
And been appointed Premier to Old Nick!

The wags of the Garrick, in order to give a classic complexion to the misunderstanding between Talfourd and Macready, speak of it illustratively as the quarrel between *Cash*-us and *Brute*-us.

Summary Marriage.—A somewhat novel mode of performing the marriage ceremony has taken place not a hundred miles from Culross. A knight of the plane having fairly overstepped the bounds of the Temperance Society on Sunday night week, took it into his head to pay a visit to the servant lassie of a gallant officer, after being prohibited, upon pain of death, to make the smallest trespass on the gallant gentleman's property. The inmates of the household being all in bed before he reached the place, the object of his desire had to give him admittance before getting fully dressed, and having got only a few paces along the passage, he was accosted by the captain habited in his dressing-gown, with sword in hand, who instantly demanded of the young man the purport of his mission, and was answered as hurriedly as possible, that it was his servant-maid that he was in quest of. The worthy justice put the question to both parties, if they were willing to take each other in the bands of wedlock, and was answered in the affirmative, when he instantly called from their slumbers others of his establishment as witnesses, who got as short time to prepare marriage dresses as did the trembling bride. The gallant captain immediately went through the marriage ceremony, still holding in his hand the fearful weapon, and having finished his oration, returned his sword to the scabbard.

LONDON THEATRICALS, FROM "THE AGE."

Her Majesty's Theatre.—Donizetti's *Parisina* was produced on Friday night, June 1st. The story is founded closely upon Lord Byron's poem. Grisi personated the part of Parisina, Rubini, *Ugo*, and the *role* of *Azzo*, the father, being supported by Tamburini. It is needless to say that the artistes engaged in it exerted themselves to the utmost, and the effect produced was most admirable.

Drury Lane.—No novelty has been produced at this theatre, and therefore we have little to notice. Our disposition does not lead us to say much, so we are thankful that circumstances permit us to say nothing.

Covent Garden.—Sheridan Knowles's delightful play continues to be appreciated by the public. It is a production which cannot but grow upon attention; the language and the construction being so redolent of the spirit and skilfulness of the olden dramatists, that it would indeed be marvel were it not to win the enthusiastic approbation of all whom trickery and puffery have not yet made dead to the beauties of a muse worthy to have flourished in the golden times of Elizabeth, but which promises, heaven be praised, long to flourish brightly in the reign of Victoria. All the performers are now well fitted to their parts, and the acting is therefore worthy of the play.

On Thursday (May 31) the performers of the above theatre presented Mr. Macready with a splendid piece of plate, as a token of their esteem for him as a friend, and their admiration of him as one whose exertions in behalf of the drama entitle him to their gratitude and respect. We quite agree in the propriety of this tribute being paid to Mr. Macready—he [illegible] well remark that we have not heard of any tribute, even of remembrance, having been given to Captain Polhill.

Haymarket.—A new piece, by Lover, called The White Horse of the Peppers, was produced on Saturday week, and was unequivocally and deservedly successful. How could it be otherwise? The story, dialogue, and appurtenances are truly Irish, and Power is the hero of the fun, who, as usual, kept the audience in one continued roar of laughter.

On Thursday another piece was produced at this house, called The Mother. It is a domestic drama, by Jerrold, written with all the felicitous terseness of that author, and exhibiting his usual dramatic skill. Madame Celeste plays the principal part—the others, indeed, being quite subordinate to hers—and she supports it with most exquisite grace and natural truth. Perkins and Buckstone were most praiseworthy villains; the latter being most facetiously wedded to his propensities, inherited paternally from a lawyer's clerk. Mr. Glover evidently takes great pains, and that is half the march towards success.

The Olympic closed on Thursday. Mrs. C. Mathews spoke the farewell address, which was written by Mr. C. Dance. She stated that liberal offers by that *friend to the English stage*, Mr. Price, had induced her to leave the Olympic theatre for the New World, but still hoped that when "the cat was away the public would go and see the mice play." *She has ratted*, and we think it is most probable the play-goers will follow her example.

The St. James's closed on the same evening. Mr. Hooper said a few words at parting, and expressed his intention of being in the field about the first of September. We hear that he is likely to become the lessee, and we heartily wish him success.

New Strand.—Hamlet Travestie was produced at this theatre on Monday. It is a very good burlesque, and promises to be as attractive as *Othello according to Act of Parliament*. Salter was the Hamlet, and Hammond made a very *interesting* Ophelia; little Attwood was extremely funny as Laertes, and the boxing-match at the end of the burlesque was not the least amusing part of the performance. A new edition of The Pickwickians is in preparation; the celebrated Sam Weller is about to cut a figure in Paris.

The English Opera will be opened the latter end of this month. Dickey Peake is to be the acting manager, and Baker stage manager. Novelty will be the order of the day.

Sadler's Wells will be opened to-morrow (June 4) by Mr. R. Honner. The address is written by Leman Rede, and will be spoken by Mrs. R. Honner. Three new pieces will be produced.

Mrs. Stirling and Mrs. Nisbett are engaged at the Olympic for the ensuing season, and Planche has received his appointment as stage manager.

Taglioni will make her appearance at her Majesty's Theatre on Tuesday next in a favorite ballet.

Charles Kean takes his benefit to-morrow evening at Drury Lane. He will perform Sir Edward Mortimer, in Colman's play of The Iron Chest—decidedly his best character. There is every chance of the house being crowded to the ceiling.

Mr. Ranger has been performing at the Reading Theatre. He took his benefit a few evenings since, and was well patronised. He appeared as the Marquis de St. Croix, in his own comedy of the Romantic Widow, and Monsieur Morbleu, in the farce of Monsieur Tonson.

Charles Mathews and his wife were seen last week in the neighborhood of Moorfields. We hear they were in search of a *cot* to take with them to America; the first-born, it is confidently stated, will be in the *New World*.

Anderson's benefit is announced for Wednesday next at Drury Lane. He has obtained the services of Mrs. Honey, Ivanhoff, and Davidge.

Our own Cawse will be *at home* on the following evening, and we sincerely hope her house will be well filled. She is a deserving favorite, and merits the patronage of the *ton* of the West as well as of the *cits* of the East.

Monday, the 21st ult., Mr. and Mrs. Wood made their second appearance at the Dublin Theatre, in Auber's favorite opera of Fra Diavolo. It was performed by *command* of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Mulgrave, who attended in state. On their entrance he was greeted with the discordant yells of those ragged pathriots who throng the house on such occasions.

On Wednesday, the 24th, an English version of Rossini's La Gazza Ladra was produced, first time in Dublin, under the title of Ninetta, the Maid of Palaiseau.

Rob Roy was brought out on the next evening with the most marked success, affording a musical banquet to the citizens of Dublin, on which they have rarely the pleasure of feasting. In the course of the piece Mrs. Wood introduced "Savourneen dheelish," which she sang with a chaste simplicity of style, and mellow richness of tone, that drew a general encore. The duet of "Though you leave me now in sorrow," in which she was joined by Mr. Wood, was also deservedly applauded.

SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

NEW-YORK: SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 21, 1838.

FLY AND BAY FISHING.

Notwithstanding the present month is emphatically the Shooting season in this section, we doubt if the proportion of anglers is not greater by twenty to one. There are hundreds upon hundreds of our citizens scattered about the country within two hundred miles of us, and probably there is not a brook, river, or pond, within that circle, in which they have not wet a line. The largest proportion are whipping their flies over the placid ponds of Long Island, where the run of trout this season is of unusually fine size. Two or three parties, made up principally of "old hands," have lately made a descent upon the rivers of Sullivan and Montgomery Counties, in this State, and with immense success. The Williewemauk, Calikoon, and Beaver-kill, are three of the finest trout streams in the country; they are comparatively unknown to city anglers, and are less fished than any others of like pretensions within our knowledge. The trout are large, very numerous, and of the most delicious flavor. The rivers referred to lie between 30 and 60 miles back of Newburgh. To reach them from town, take any of the North River steamers to Newburgh, and the stage to Monticello, where you will find some good trouting. Five miles farther on, at Liberty, you will reach the Big Beaver-kill. Make your head quarters at Mrs. DARBY'S, and you will be sure to find excellent accommodations, and capital fishing. You will reach the Williewemauk, seven miles further on, where Mrs. PURVIS will take every care of you. At the pleasant residence of these two "ancient and most quiet" ladies, you may spend a few weeks as delightfully as heart could wish. The Shooting in the neighborhood is particularly fine, and if you have a Manton, or a good rifle, take it along with you.

The Bay fishing at this time about New York and Long Island, is capital. There are several fine steamers that make tri-weekly trips from town to the Fishing Banks outside of Sandy Hook. You leave at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and return before sunset. Some of these excursions are exceedingly pleasant, and there are so many fishing smacks and steamers advertised daily for different places about the harbor, that you may select a conveyance, and whatever fishing you prefer, from sharks to poggies. Sea bass, blue and black fish, sheeps head, poggys, etc. etc., are now taken in immense quantities. Last Tuesday, we made one of a party of near two hundred ladies and gentlemen, who went down to the Fishing Banks, about 15 miles outside of Sandy Hook, in the steamboat *Sun*, Capt. LANE. We cannot determine the exact number taken, but they could not have been less than *four thousand!* They were principally poggys, with a sprinkling of sea bass, and pretty much every thing else. We fished with a large hand-line, 100 feet long, having four hooks attached, baited with clams. It was great fun; two or three at a time were caught, and your bait was taken the instant it reached within a few feet of the bottom. Several ladies particularly distinguished themselves; half a dozen sharks were constantly "cavorting" about the boat, attracted, probably, by their beauty, and if we could have persuaded one to allow us to "play her" on the end of our line, no doubt they would have "*risen*" to such *a fly*.

Ah! but this *bobbing-for-whales* sort of fun is not to be named the same day with trout fishing—and on Long Island we can show you that, in such perfection as is not to be enjoyed any where else in this country. We long ago informed our friends "Where to find Sport," and can give them but little additional information in that respect, nor, indeed, do they require it. Go down by the rail road to Hicksville, and trust to the Messrs. JACKSON to give you a good team, and whether you go to Smithtown, Babylon, Islip, Fireplace, or Patchogue, you cannot fail to find sport and enough of it. You can hire a better team of the JACKSONS than you can in town; they have three teams that will whisk you down to Babylon (12 miles) within an hour, or to Stump Pond (at Smithtown, 21 miles,) in an hour and forty minutes.

And then to throw a fly into CONKLIN'S pond, or BLYDENSBURGH'S, or that of LIFF. SNEDICOR! Why it is worth an eternity of ordinary exploits with vulgar black fish or every-day bass. Our first Spring jaunt is always a *fete*, and is looked forward to, like Christmas. We think of it a good month before hand, and dream of it, and, may be, talk of it in our sleep. And when at length the day does really arrive—*to-day*—what joy! what spirits! what jumping out of bed at the first cock crow! what peeping out of window to see if the wind holds South! what hasty and half-performed ablutions! what maledictions on the inventor of shaving! what hurry-skurrying over the coffee and toast, (we are too early for rolls)! what nervousness in cracking our eggs! (all of which we boil at least ten minutes, and put in the cup at last with the sharp end upwards); what tremulousness in spreading the honey, and slicing the hung beef! And then when we once get fairly into the open air, how difficult to restrain ourselves from turning a sommerset, or kicking up our heels in some way or other, to testify the joy that is glowing in our hearts!

Just listen to the rhapsody of our trusty friend, SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, upon "A May day in the Meadows." We stand ready to make our "*affidavy*" in support of any fact or thesis he advances in the following graphic article upon the most delightful of rural sports. Says Sylvanus,

"We are in our favorite meadow now; and, if possible, it looks prettier than ever. The trees have grown since we were last here, and I'm sure the daisies and daffodils have increased in number and luxuriance. That chesnut had not used to be so high and spreading; those alders did not formerly throw so broad a shadow (may their shadow never be less); those primroses were not wont so *completely* to cover the brook side; those wood-anemones did not hide *every* blade of grass along this forest bank; those blackbirds were not *always* a-singing; there were not *two* butterflies fluttering over every flower. By the horn of Dian, there is beauty enough here to swell a man's heart to the size of an air balloon! beauty of sight, beauty of sound, beauty of fragrance—all sorts of beauties waiting upon us at every step, to gladden our senses and rejoice our hearts, as if man were a god walking in Paradise, rather than the poor thing he is.

"But what have we to do with men! the fish are our fellows; water is our element; Undine is our love. *Salmo fario*, have at you! Our rod and line have been long in readiness—don't think that we had the patience (though patience *is* a virtue—and the angler's virtue *par excellence*) to wait till we arrived at the water's-edge to put our tackle in order. No, no: four meadows off we began the important operation; and in spite of tumbling over three stiles in our path, and running against a dozen trees, and *all but* dislocating our ancles in about twenty gutters, and running the hook into our finger about fifty times in the course of our locomotion, we have happily achieved the task, and are ready to commence operations the moment we arrive at the brook side. Mind, I call our's a brook, gentle reader: but that's my modesty. You might call it a river (excuse the compliment), and any one who knows Willowford at all (as who doesn't by this time?) will know that the merry BOURNE has just as good a claim to take rank with Father Thames and "the soft-flowing Avon" as any stream in the kingdom.

"Silence now! nobody must speak but the blackbird. *Whish!* goes the line through the air, as gentle as a butterfly's flight; down drops the little greendrake on the curl of the water like a snowflake, only rather softer; and see! here it comes tripping up the stream with its little wings expanded, and looking as innocent as any real ephemera that ever dropt into water.

"Don't he 'walk the waters like a thing of life?" The May-flies themselves that are bobbing up and down at his elbow take him for one of their own kin, and wonder how the deuce he manages to go sailing along against wind and tide in that way. And, without vanity be it spoken, he is the most perfect little gem of a green-drake that ever was dubbed. We made him with our own hands—the day before Christmas day last, that we might be in time—and he is really so natural that Swammerdam himself might be deceived in him. By heavens! and a better judge that even Swammerdam is taken in! We have had a rise, you will say: on the contrary, it was a dip! a bird—one of the most sharp-sighted creatures that exist, has snapt up our little make-believe: we have caught a swallow! By Saint Martin, (the properest saint surely to swear by on such an occasion,) we are now more convinced than ever of the truth of the maxim that "a fisherman should know every thing" For ourself, we confess our ignorance: we are regularly nonplus'd, completely flabbergasted, we were never out swallow-fishing before. What to do we know not; Walton gives no instructions on this point; Cotton has not provided for such a contingency. We must treat him fish-wise. There he goes, by Jove! he has run out all our line already, and doubled our rod up to the shape of a half-moon. Hold hard a bit now, my merry gentleman, and don't flap your fins about so—your wings, I mean—steady, if you please, over the willow-bushes—gently through the alders. Another turn or two of the reel, and I shall have him within arm's length—here he comes—hollo, where's the landing-net!—there, now I have him safe in the meshes—lie still my little beauty, and let me take the hook out of your gills (craw, I mean)—there—the operation is soon over—now you are at liberty again—and away flies "the harbinger of Spring," not a jot the worse for his adventure, only so frightened that I believe he will never stop again till he reaches his old winter quarters in Tunis or Timbuctoo.

"In just half a minute more my little pet green-drake is again at his duty. Shall I venture him this cast behind that stone where the water boils up like a steam-engine, and where the reeds and brambles grow so thickly that there is only a hole about as big as a hazel nut to throw into? It's a likely nook, and we determine on the venture. *Whish!* again flies our little greenie on the back of the most complaisant of all zephyrs; pop he goes into the very midst of the whirly-hole, where the waters rush with such impetuosity as fairly to jerk him out again. But he is not to be daunted: again and again he returns to the charge, and enjoys it as the petrel enjoys the storm: again and—no, not again, for a great lob-sided monster of a trout has cut him short in his career, and he is off with him across the stream with a bound which has nearly run all the line off my reel, and almost snatched the rod out of my hand. We are in the open now, however, and fair play will be had on all sides. If he can snap my gossamer gut now, let him! if he can find a flaw in the temper of *rale ginuine Limerick*, let him! if he doubts the quality of my hickory, let him pull till he has loosened every tooth in his head! He may tear a piece out of his own jaw—nothing more likely at the rate he is going on—but we defy him to break a filament of our tackle. Aye, plunge and splash—kick all the pebbles about, and fling the sand up like mole hills—it's of no manner of use—"this day a trout must die!"—we have set our minds upon just such a fellow as you for this fortnight past—we will have you cooked by Father Walton's own receipt (there's an honor for you!) and, as far as may be, dished up with the same ceremonies that worthy Isaac prescribes. There, now that you have disturced all the water, and frightened all the fish between here and the next township, you will perhaps be a little quieter. So, so: that's what I call being gentlemanly; that's behaving as a fish ought to behave; nothing like taking it cool and comfortable. Now, be so good as to wait there, and not speak a word, while I get hold of the landing-net; now if you would just have the complaisance to raise yourself up a bit, and take your head out of the gravel, while I place the net gently under your silver stomacher, I should feel particularly obliged. Whew! dunder and blitzen! what's the matter now? Hurry skurry, head-over-heels, splash, dash, crash, smash! for heaven's sake take care of my best fly! pray think a little of my new hickory rod! do have bowels for my gut! There—thank the Gods! I have him safe in the landing-net at last; and truly he is worth all the agony of mind I have suffered on his account: four pounds at least, and every pound of him a picture by itself. There's a "study of a head" for you! crimson and gold, scarlet and silver, are no names to describe him by; he must be seen to be believed; rubies and diamonds are fools to him, Iris is but a streak of Warren's blacking; painting him is quite out of the question (carmine and ultramarine! pshaw, charcoal and brick-dust!) describing him is equally beyond possibility—where are the smiles and metaphors to come from? There is only one thing to be done with him—I grieve to say it, but it is the lot of mortality on such occasions to feel its own impotence—there is but one thing to be done with him, and that is—to put him in *the bag*."

We cannot conclude without giving a few "hints to anglers" from JESSE'S "Gleanings in Natural History,"—a work abounding with as much genuine wit and humor as it does in interesting and useful information. Here's what will make you grow fat:—

Do not imagine that because a fish does not instantly dart off on first seeing you, he is the less aware of your presence; he almost always, on such occasions, ceases to feed, and pays you the compliment of devoting his whole attention to you, whilst he is preparing for a start whenever the apprehended danger becomes sufficiently imminent.

If you pass your fly neatly and well three times over a trout, and he refuses it, do not wait any longer for him; you may be sure that he has seen the line of invitation which you have sent over the water to him, and does not intend to come.

Remember that, in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water, to make the whole circuit, and to be at one time straight behind you, before it can be driven out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack: take this as a hint that your fly has gone to grass.

It appears to me that, in whipping with an artificial fly, there are only two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz.: 1. When your fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line. 2. When you are drawing out your fly for a new throw. In all other cases it is necessary that, in order to hook him when he has taken the fly, you should do something with your wrist which is not easy to describe.

If your line should fall loose and wavy into the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly into his mouth without fastening himself; and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again before it has answered yours.

Never mind what they of the old school say about "playing him till he is tired." Much valuable time, and many a good fish may be lost by this antiquated proceeding. Put him into your basket *as soon as you can*. Every thing depends on the manner in which you commence your acquaintance with him. If you can at first prevail on him to walk a little way down the stream with you, you will have no difficulty afterwards in persuading him to let you have the pleasure of seeing him at dinner.

Do not leave off fishing early in the evening because your friends are tired. After a bright day, the largest fish are to be caught by whipping between sunset and dark. Even, however, in these precious moments you will not have good sport, if you continue throwing after you have whipped your fly off. Pay attention to this: and if you have any doubt after dusk, you may easily ascertain the point, by drawing the end of the line quickly through your hand, particularly if you do not wear gloves.

When you have got hold of a good fish, which is not very tractable, if you are married, gentle reader, think of your wife, who, like the fish, is united to you by very tender ties, which can only end with her death, or her going into weeds. If you are single, the loss of the fish, when you thought the prize your own, may remind you of some more serious disappointment.

IMPORTED STOCK AT THE SOUTH.

The great reduction in the price of cotton and sugar has not prevented many gentlemen at the South-west from engaging in breeding and importing fine stock A considerable number of the wealthy planters in Mississippi and Louisiana have taken upthe matter with a spirit that can hardly fail to command success. Several of them have fine lots of young things coming forward, and the high prices which a good race nag or brood mare commands in that section of the Union is not only an evidence of the immense wealth of its citizens, but of their determination to employ it to a liberal extent in rearing a stock of horses that will confer credit on their breeders and the sports of the turf generally.

The turfmen of the valley of the Mississippi have hitherto depended upon Kentucky, Tennessee, and Alabama for their racing stables. But the National Sport has become so universally popular among all classes, and blood stock commands such immense prices, that almost every prominent turfite is now extensively engaged in breeding. No where are such sums of money laid out in matches. Last year the stakes depending on a single match in Louisiana were $35,000

We had the gratification last winter of seeing a large portion of the Blood Stock of Louisiana and Mississippi, and a few strings in Alabama, Georgia, and Carolina. There is "none better if as good." There are numerous lots of young things coming forward of the most fashionable blood and of great promise, beside several choice imported colts and fillies. Among others, not before alluded to in detail, we may notice the

Imported Stock of JOHN ROUTH, Esq. Natchez, Miss. He has two colts and two fillies of as much promise as any imported stock in the country, divided between his friends Col. BINGAMAN and Mr. MINOR, who will train and run them.

No. 1 is a light chesnut filly got by Merchant out of Mandelina (the dam of Esprit, Musee, etc.) by Cervantes, and was bred in 1835, by Mr. Thornhill. She is over 15 hands and of great bone and substance, with a blaze face and near fore foot white. She has fine clean limbs, heavily muscled, with a strong back and good loin. Her hocks appeared to us a little swelled, owing probably to her laying down on shipboard. Col. Bingaman gave her a light training last Fall, and in a brush with his "cracks," it is said that she beat the lot, consisting of Fanny Wright, Angora, Mad Anthony, and Capt. McHeath.

No. 2 is a chesnut colt got by St. Patrick out of Maria (sister to Emma, the dam of Mr. Livingston's Imp. Trustee, now standing on Long Island, Guardian, Agnes, Mundig, winner of the Derby in 1835, etc.) by Whisker. Mr. Routh calls him *Tom Breeze*, from Drake's famous song. He is under 15 hands, with no other white than a star. Nothing can be finer shaped than his head, and his nostril, eye and ear, are alike capital. He is very heavily qaartered, broad and strong across the loin, with a well shaped barrel, ribbed out to perfection. His action is superb, and in his trials he has proved uncommonly fast and lasting. Tom Breeze was also bred by Mr. Thornhill in 1835, and is in Col. Bingaman's stable.

No. 3 is a 2 yr. old bay filly bred by Mr. Ridsdale; got by Tramp out of Marchesa (sister to My Lady, the dam of Jereed,) by Comus,—a very fine animal, as is

No. 4. A yearling colt, by Belzoni. These two are in the stable of WM. J. MINOR, Esq. Mr. ROUTH has also two imported brood mares, one called *Only That*, (by Partisan, out of Scribe, by Woful,) and the other *Volant*, (by Velocipede, out of Charity, by Tramp.) This stock was imported in 1835, and came over in the *Formosa*, Capt. MITCHELL. The St. Patrick colt, Tom Breeze, is an immense favorite in Natchez, and any quantity of Cotton, (even to the amount of Mr. Routh's annual crop of 3000 bales,) can be won by any colt that can beat him.

Mr. MINOR, of Natchez, when abroad in 1834-5, selected a very fine lot of brood mares and colts. He trains this season three 4 yr. olds, and two 3 yr. olds. He has a yearling bay colt by Imp. *Rowton*, equal to anything, probably, in the stables of Col. HAMPTON, of S. C., or Capt. STOCKTON, of N. J. Col. WYNN offered $2500 for it when six months old. A chesnut colt by The Saddler is also very promising. Mr. M. owns *Longwaist*, (by Sir Archy, out of a Pacolet mare,) and has been breeding to him with considerable success. He is a very fine looking horse, a chesnut, of great size and substance. We have mislaid our mems. of Mr. Minor's stud, or a list should be given here, as it contains some of the finest mares in the country; in a few years his racing and breeding establishment will, in extent, be second to few in the Union.

At Mobile we saw the string of fillies sent out by Tattersall to Drs. NOTT & FEARN, and Maj. HUGER. They are now 2 yrs. old, and we have seldom seen a finer lot.

No. 1 is a chesnut, by Hokee Pokee (brother to Muley Moloch), out of Frederick's dam, winner of the Derby, by Phantom. Drooping rump, flat legs, and very fine shoulder, with a star, and no other white, will have fine size and action.

No. 2 is a bay by Hokee Pokee, dam by Scud or Pioneer: has a good back and shoulder, and a prime set of limbs under her; both hind feet white, and of very fine size.

No. 3 is a bay, by Imp. Lapdog out of Pomona, the dam of Ruby, who sold for 2000 guineas. She is very thin and delicate, and it is feared was injured on her passage out; should she never cut a figure on the turf, she will make a good brood mare.

No. 4 is a light bay, by Reveller, winner of the St. Leger, out of Galata, winner of the Oaks. She is a beauty, of fine size, with a star and near hind foot white. Her postern is long and oblique, cannon bone short, with a broad flat knee, and a fore arm as broad, thick, and long as a 4 yr. old. We agreed with OLD CHARLES (GARRISON'S trainer) in preferring her to any in the lot. She measures more from the point of the shoulder to the elbow, and from the elbow to the knee, than any filly of her age we have seen. Her hocks come well down to the ground, but from the hip joint or whirl-bone to the stifle, and from the stifle to the hock, she presents uncommon length.

No. 5 is a bay, by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Runnymede (now called Rosebud) by Little John. She has white stockings on her hind feet, a blaze face, and a white mark on her near fore foot. She is put up immensely strong, with a back and loin like *Picton's*—is heavily quartered, and has as game a head as you will see in a season.

No. 6 is a light chesnut, by Sultan out of Marinella by Soothsayer; her off fore foot and both hind feet are white, and she has a star and stripe. Of all her points, and she has many good ones, we liked best her loin and hocks. She is small in the waist, and tucked up a good deal in the flank, but is as heavy muscled, for her age, as *Glencoe*. She is a game looking filly, and many think her the crack nag of the lot.

We also saw at Mobile the importations of Capt. LONGFORD, in the *Sherbrooke*; the lot was immediately sold to Mr. D. STEPHENSON, proprietor of the Bascombe Course, and their pedigrees were published in this paper of the 16th Dec. last.

No. 1, is *Frolicsome Fanny*, a bay without white, coming 4, by Lottery, dam by Whisker. She ran 2d in two heats at Liverpool in May last, a year, seven or eight starting. She has a good shoulder, and a rump *a la Bertrand*—is about 15 hands—pasterns very short, and quarters light and homely.

No. 2, is *Varnish* (or Vanish), by Vanish, out of Elephant's dam by Shuttle—a bay with a star and off hind foot white. He has a fine shoulder and barrel, with a set of limbs like old *Eclipse*, and 15½ hands high; Vanish was 4 yrs. old last May.

No. 3, is a 4 yr. old dark mottled bay filly, by Imp. Shakspeare, nearly 15 hands. She promises to make a good one—was trained three days for a Sweepstakes at Chester, and ran 2d, beating twelve others.

No. 4, is a 2 yr. old bay filly by Bird Catcher, her dam by Phantom. Very pretty and promising.

No. 5, a bay colt by Imp. Shakspeare, called *Stratford*, we did not see. No. 6, *The Maid of Wirral*, a brood mare, and No. 7, a brown filly by Olympus, 3 yrs. old, covered by Battledore, were also out of the way.

Several other strings of native and imported horses we saw during our Southern trip, (among others, the splendid one of Col. HAMPTON'S, described before,) which shall be appropriately noticed, if the thermometer will allow us. It is impossible to do it decently with that ranging from 90 to 100 in the shade.

FOX HUNTING IN MISSISSIPPI AND LOUISIANA.

Extract of a letter dated WOODVILLE. (Miss.) June 26, 1838.

We have nothing here now in the way of *Racing*, though sports of all other kinds are common. *Hunting* I may mention particularly, and some of our citizens have packs that would do credit to any place. I think sometimes our *Fox-hunts* would figure well in your paper, but we have no one ambitious of the honor of describing them for you, which I regret exceedingly, as we would wish to have our exploits recorded as well as others amongst the novelties of your amusing sheet.

Gen B., of this county, has a favorite dog which he calls *Redmond* (from his color), that has distinguished himself in so many chases, that we of the fox-hunting order have unanimously agreed to have his *portrait* taken. He is a perfect model of a hound; and for wind, beauty of form, and color and fleetness, has no superior, if an equal. Last year there were some couples of staunch dogs imported from England; they were fox-hounds, and are said to perform well, though I have not seen them run. They are larger than our old breed, and I think that a cross would do better, at least, for this country, for large dogs cannot well get through our thickets. The next Fall we are to have a grand chase with the West Feliciana gentlemen—a trial of speed and bottom:—the six best dogs out of each different pack to be brought on the field. May some good fellow be there to record the result for you.

Our Racing Club has long since been broken up, from what cause I am not aware; and I am surprised, as many of our wealthy citizens are raising fine *blood horses*, that they do not establish it again. The old race course was rather uneven—too much so; but there is an excellent site two miles from town, that has the advantage of fine running water, fine pasturage, and a just proximity to the Railroad,—27 miles from Bayou Sara, and 37 from Natchez, nearly half-way ground. Why can't we get it up?

You ask me to report some of of our sporting incidents. I would do so with pleasure had I the knack of describing things as some of your correspondents have, and I am sure occurrences happen here frequently that would amuse and interest you. You have been at St. Francisville, and its neighborhood, and experienced the hospitality of its citizens no doubt sufficiently (as I hope) to induce you to stop again. If you do so, be pleased to "*branch out*" among us above, and I am sure you will be welcome, and perhaps obtain some sporting information for your journal. Most respectfully, &c. S. J. R. L.

Note by the Editor.—We entertain such delightful recollections of the hospitalities of our St. Francisville friends, that no inducements are required to make us "stop again," should we ever be so fortunate as to find ourselves in that region. It will be conceded, we think, that our correspondent must possess in an eminent degree "the knack" of describing "sporting incidents," and we shall attribute his future silence to anything but a want of it, whenever a circumstance transpires to call it into exercise.

ON DITS IN SPORTING CIRCLES.

Another Importation to Tennessee!—We are glad to announce that Lucius J. Polk, Esq., a distinguished breeder of this fine State, is in treaty for a splendid lot of Brood Mares of the highest character, and also for one of the most fashionable Stallions in England. He has already purchased at a high figure the renowned *Ainderby*, the victor of the *Queen of Trumps*, in the unprecedented time of 1:43, in his 3 yr. old form, carrying 118 lbs. ! Ainderby is a very dark chesnut, 15 hands 2 inches, with great muscle and symmetry; he is by Velocipede (the sire of more winning stock than any horse in the kingdom), out of Sister to *Nonplus*. Mr. Polk's order includes *The Colonel*, and we trust to advertise him next season as standing at Mount Pleasant, Tenn. Lorimer, who came over with Flintoff, having *Glencoe* and others in charge, and who since brought over Mr. Boardman's Mares, Mr. Polk's *Fop*, and others, sailed from this port a few weeks since, to take charge of Mr. P.'s new importation. Among the brood mares already purchased is *Jenny Mills*, by Whisker, dam by Cerberus, (the dam of *Lady de Gros*, *Hornsea*, etc.,) covered by the great *Plenipo*. It is highly gratifying to see gentlemen of the character, spirit, and wealth of Mr. Polk engaging in an enterprise fraught with so much importance in a national and patriotic point of view. In a very few years his breeding and racing establishment will be second to none in the Union.

Medoc.—A letter from Woodford Co., Ky., states that "Medoc's colts have won more races this Spring than the colts of any other horse in Kentucky, and we confidently believe they will continue to do so. They have a remarkable turn of speed (vide the last day's race at Louisville, where *Maria Duke* (by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott, by Sumpter, 3 yrs.) won the mile heats, best 3 in 5, in 1:48—1:48½—1:48), and when they get a little older, will be able to go four miles in the same style. Col. Buford got his two favorite colts beaten at Louisville, but it was evidently owing to their weak condition, caused by severe running at home."

Match for $1000 *a-side.*—A letter from Opelousas, La., informs us that a match for $1000 a-side, one mile, was to come off there on the 13th inst. (last Friday week), between H. Carlin's b. h. *Stag* and Capt. Parish's sorrel gelding—to carry catch weights. The Secretary will send a report.

The same correspondent informs us that there are several very promising young things coming on in that section, many of the planters having become engaged in breeding. *Jane Splane* is claimed for the name of a beautiful grey filly, out of Helen McGregor, by Imp. Autocrat. She is the joint property of Hon. R. Garland and E. W. Taylor, Esq., and was foaled May 1837. Helen was bred to Byron last year, and is with Lauderdale this season.

The Messrs. Stevens' Blood Stock in Van Leer's charge is near St. Louis. He has sold the Betsy Ransom filly *Ellen Tree* by Henry, 4 yrs., to Wm. C. Boone, Esq. of Fayette, Mo. for $1000. He was offered a few days since $3000 for *Jessica*, *Ethiopia*, and *Bonny Black*, which he refused. Van Leer has the racing stock in training for the Fall races in Illinois, about eight miles from St. Louis.

Proprietors of Courses at the North are apprized that there is a general desire to know when their Fall Meetings will commence, and four or five prominent turfmen have asked us to call attention to the fact on their own account, that they may govern themselves accordingly in taking up their horses. Two gentlemen, having half a dozen or more colts each, inform us they are not aware in what stakes they have been nominated, or whether the requisite number of subscribers has been obtained to close the same; in fact they are not aware how they stand affected, and are naturally anxious to ascertain something about it. "A word to the wise," etc.

The Derby and the Oaks.—The British steam packet *Great Western*, which sailed from Bristol on the 2d of June, brought us the result of the Derby and Oaks, but no other particulars of the last race than the bare placing. We are this week enabled to furnish a full report of that important race, and a better one of the Derby, received by the packet ship *Virginian*, Capt. Harris, which sailed from Liverpool on the 8th of June. On another page will be found a report made up from those in the Sunday Times and Bell's Life in London. It will be seen that a filly by Imported *Priam* has again won the Oaks.

Williamsburgh Regatta.—The Regatta for the prizes of a Gold Call, and three splendid Silver Goblets, came off in front of the Williamsburgh Regatta Pavilion on Wednesday, 11th inst., at 3 o'clock P.M. The prizes were ably contended for, and we never saw a match of the kind decided with so much satisfaction to all parties, as on this occasion. The first race (for a Silver Goblet) was won by the Messrs. Roberts' *Clodhopper*, beating Oseola and Edwin Forrest, in 24:02—distance, 5 miles. The next race (also for a Silver Goblet) was contested by The William Scott, The Gipsey, and The Eckford, and was won easily by the former in 25:03—distance, 5 miles. The 3d race was for a Gold Call, which was won by Oseola; and the last, for a Silver Cup, was won by Quaker. The prizes were presented by Mr. Jas. Raynor, conductor of the Pavilion.

Messrs. Dowling & Herrington, of Terre Haute, Ind., have purchased of of James K. Duke, Esq., *Keph*, 5 yrs old, by Hephestion, dam by Sumpter, the winner of the four mile day at Louisville, Ky., *before* the race, for $2000. They have also purchased *Jemima Burbridge*, 4 yrs. old, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William of Transport, of Robert Burbridge, Esq., all of Scott Co., Ky. The Wabash Valley deserves a good horse, and it will have one in the victor of one of the largest and best fields that ever started in a four mile contest in Kentucky.

Challenge.—The *St. Johns* (N. B.) *Chronicle* states that it is authorized to offer a bet of $1000 that a boat shall be built and rowed by natives of that city, against any other boat, with an equal number of men, that can be produced in the world. The challenge is intended for our Whitehall boatmen, who, it will be recollected, beat Capt. Harris, of the Royal Navy, a few years since, on the Bay of New York.

Southampton (Va.) Races.—The Fall meeting is to commence on the 3d Tuesday in Sept. The following gentlemen have been elected officers of the Club:—Geo. B. Carey, Esq President; Robt. Ridley, Mat. Y. Williams, and Jas. S. French, Esqrs. Vice Presidents; Sampson C. Reese, Proprietor, and C. D. Barham, Esq. Sec'y.

Wake Snakes!—The fact has come to our knowledge, within a few days, that copies of this paper were to be had on Saturdays of some of the News-boys about the steam-boat landings. As no person is supplied with papers at this office to sell, any copies in the possession of News-boys must be *stolen!* and we accordingly desire the *Police* to arrest any and every person offering them for sale, under any circumstances whatever. Our City carriers are furnished with the requisite number of papers only to supply our regular subscribers, and individuals purchasing copies from them may gratify themselves with the very pleasant reflection that they are the buyers of *stolen goods!*

The Wave.—Lieut. McLaughlin has got this beautiful vessel fitted out for her cruise in fine style, and she is riding at anchor off the Battery. Mr. Stevens, we are glad to hear, has given orders for a new yacht to replace her. The Boston Daily Express pays the gallant commander of the Wave the following compliment:—

Lieut. J. T. McLaughlin.—We learn from the Army and Navy Chronicle that this officer has again volunteered his services in the Florida war; and has determined with a small body of men and officers to drive out the Seminoles from the swamps to which they have taken refuge. Our readers are not perhaps aware that Lieut. McLaughlin is an officer of the Navy, and that consequently his present service is purely voluntary. Having had the misfortune to be wounded in a duel some years since, he is unable to bend the joint of one knee; but notwithstanding this disability, he volunteered his services two years since in the Florida war, and was severely wounded in the breast. Having recovered from the effects of this wound, he again enters upon the campaign and we find him now, during the heat of summer pursuing the Seminole to his very lair. We know him well. A braver officer, or more gallant gentleman, never walked a quarter deck; and if his countrymen do not confer upon him some distinguishing marks of their favor, then indeed shall we believe that republics are ungrateful.

CHALLLENGE—ENGLAND vs. THE WORLD.

In this paper of the 14th Oct. last appeared a challenge, of which the following is a copy:—

A friend has handed us for publication, the following challenge of an English gentleman, to sail his yacht *Alarm*, against any vessel in the world of about the same tonnage!

We understand that this challenge is sent by Mr. Weld in the true spirit of a sportsman, in consequence of an American gentleman having given it as his opinion, and that of the "knowing ones" in this city, that the yacht of our townsman John C. Stevens, the *Wave*, cannot be beaten.

We confess we are of the many who entertain this opinion; but it will be seen that the challenge is based upon broad grounds, and that both parties may build a vessel for the purpose of testing the superiority of the respective nations in building fast sailing yachts. The place of determining the wager, and indeed almost everything connected with the challenge, including the amount to be sailed for, is left open for future arrangement. In short, the challenge is couched in the most liberal terms, and will, we trust, be accepted.

New York Courier & Inquirer of 11th Oct.

"Mr. Weld will sail his cutter *Alarm*, either cutter or yawl rigged, as he may think best, against any schooner now existing, near her own tonnage (93 tons) round a mark or vessel anchored, and back again, for one thousand pounds or more, as may be settled hereafter. The course to be no further than can be performed in one day, and the vessel which comes in first, twice out of three days' trial, will win the race. Each vessel to carry what sail they please—sail or pay. But if the schooner is not built, Mr. Weld may have the power of building also.

"*Pylewell, July* 17, 1837. Joseph Weld."

Mr. Weld's challenge was received here through the medium of a sporting German Baron, who directed it to his correspondent, a friend of ours. The letters of his transatlantic correspondent in answer, having miscarried, the Baron reiterates the challenge, in the following letter, which has been politely furnished for publication in the Spirit of the Times. The names of the parties are suppressed, but the original letter is before us:—

Paris, May 7, 1838.

My Dear ———: I wrote to you, some time last year, about a match between a Yankee schooner and an English cutter, and you have never deigned to answer me a word, so I fear the letter has miscarried. I have been asked by Mr. Weld, the proprietor of the *Alarm*, for an answer, some months ago, and should have written to you sooner, only I have been here, and positively not had time. In the letter I wrote to you last year, was inclosed Mr. Weld's propositions. They were, as near as I can recollect, to run any Yankee schooner now existing, under 200 tons, for £1000, the best two of three trials, round a buoy 60 miles out at sea and back again. If you build a schooner, he reserves the right of building also. Now my dear fellow do try to settle this—it will be a most sporting thing—and answer me as soon as possible. You will find bets in England to any amount. I am amusing myself here like a two year old, and going ahead like a house on fire, or a Yankee steamboat. We are in the middle of the races now, Lord Henry Seymour beating every thing.

Adieu my dear ———, and believe me yours sincerely, ———.

Will Boston or Baltimore accept this banter, and so "take the measure" of the *Alarm*, or mnst we wait until Mr. Stevens gets his new yacht under weigh? Pray let us hear from you forthwith, for if New York is obliged to undertake the settlement of this question of salt water supremacy, the sooner we know it the better. If we must do it, why we can, that's all, but we are disposed to give you a chance to immortalize yourselves. What do you say to it?

"The times—the times—I say the times are getting worse than ever;"

So said or sung a poet in the Haverhill Gazette some years since, as I find in my old scrap-book; and what was merely poetry then, has now become sober truth. Whether it was that "coming events cast their shadows before," and a glimpse of the future flashed upon his inspired vision, or whether it was but the croaking of an uneasy spirit, it boots not to inquire; sufficient for us the small remnant of the Sugar Company to know and feel

"'Tis as 'tis—and can't be any 'tis-er;"

or as Brower sings it at "The Shades"—these are the good old days of Adam and Eve returning—

"When bills were short, and credit shorter."

even our favorite afternoon resort—the 3d Avenue—has yielded to the effects of the various experiments upon the currency, and upon God knows what else;—toddy is there a "drug in the market," and the tavern boys are in want of customers—yes, that monument of Charles Hall's disinterested benevolence and generous feelings for his fellow creatures' comfort and convenience—(surely no motives of self-interest could have prompted his efforts to improve that road of roads at the public expense)—has become almost deserted;—

"Times aint now as they used to was,"

when, drive out a nag of whatever speed you please, whether a 3½ or a 2:45 to the mile, you were sure to find something that would accommodate you with a dash, and not even with a "Locomotive," or on a "Rail-road," were you cock sure of escaping a dusting—when 'twas a sight worth seeing, aye, and taking some trouble to see too,—the double teams that were wont to sweep like a hurricane from Harlem, with an escort of sulkeys and wagons, all striving who should be first at Cato's—to sit upon the old General's stoop, or at Doctor Flynn's, with a "long nine," and view, as it were, a panorama of the fastest roadsters the world could produce pass in review—double, single, under the saddle, at every grade of speed, and every variety of vehicle; a day's sport now at Centreville, or the Beacon, is nothing in comparison to what might there be seen of an afternoon, free, gratis, for nothing, and almost liquor to boot; three-minute ones were as plenty as blackberries, and of four-minute ones any quantity. But, lack-a-day! where are they now? Echo answers—where? They have trotted off—not legitimately—not for the North, South, East, or West, in the way of a "fair business transaction"—not "in harness," or "under the saddle"—but to some dirt-bank, or on some rail-road, are they striving zealously in the good cause of internal improvement—there to be regularly "used up"—fast disappearing like chaff before the wind of heaven—or, the Seminoles before General Jessup. A few of our old "good 'uns" yet remain to remind us of "auld lang syne;"—there's the veteran *Columbus*, who, a few weeks since, shewed us "some things could be done as well as others," by beating on three legs a crack horse of the day, and that, too, in time that would have done credit to his younger days; thus teaching a lesson of *game* to some of the young ones, which, perhaps, they or their owners will never live to see equalled. Well does he deserve to be immortalised in the annals of horseflesh by that day's performance.

—"take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

There's *Dutchman*, too, once the "head of the heap," but who has not been so fortunate of late since he fell into new hands. Once only this Spring has fortune favored him, and that when he heard a well-known voice whispering "soft nonsense" in his ear, and felt a familiar pair of legs across him (not very short ones either); doubtless even the persuaders tasted a *leetle* more comfortable when punched into his old sides by those legs; for he made not a single break, and beat his opponent quite handily, as good a one as that opponent was.

Of our two mile nags, there's the fortunate *Washington*—would to Jupiter that he might profit by the lesson of *game* taught him by his "illustrious predecessor"—then, indeed, would he be a nonpareil, combining speed, kindness of disposition, and every requisite for a perfect horse. Of few horses can it be said as of him, that he is the winner of every purse and match for which he ever started, and never paid forfeit. Indeed, some of his trots, when losing a heat, and winning the money, as it appeared, by the "skin of his teeth," would remind one of the reply made by an ill-natured fellow, on being told that his neighbor had just married off his seventh daughter:—"My God!" said he, "what luck some folks can have!"

Napoleon, too, after an exile of some months, returned this Spring—took in the natives in a manner somewhat peculiar—shewed he had not forgotten his old tricks, and furnished additional evidence of the truth of the old adage, about bringing a child up in the "way he should go,"—though, poor fellow, the teacher of his youth was none of the mildest in his discipline; nor was the way in which the emperor sometimes got waked up with a long pole very lazy. The identical whip, some nine feet six inches in length, fell in my way in Orange Co. this Spring, and though somewhat soiled and "curtailed of its fair proportions," I at once recognised it as an old acquaintance;—'tis now used at an ox-goad! "To what base uses may we come:" often has that same whip led the van from Cato's downe.

The "*Celeste ponies*" (that were), *Paul Pry*, *Yankee*, *Mary Randolph*, and *Fire King*, shew themselves upon the road but seldom; their airings are

"Like angels' visits, few and far between."

Moses is rusticating on Long Island, having knelt for the last time before *Cumbolt's* shrine. *Gipsey* is attending to her domestic duties, and is confined to the nursery. *Modesty* is laid up in lavender, and of the rest, who can tell whence they're fled? Where are the black mares whose owner once remarked—"I don't allow even single horses to beat me!" Where are *Jerry & Blackbird*, *Screwdriver*, *Fanny Pullen*, *Dolly Fink*, and her mate, *Bull-in-the-woods*, and his mate, and a host of others, "too numerous to mention."

Not only are our fast ones scattered, but Harlem Park, that nice little hot-bed of fun and frolic, where we have oft sported away an afternoon, and witnessed many a good trot, has been converted into one vast potato-patch.

"Sic transit gloria mundi."

and here endeth the first chapter of the lamentations of Jeremiah Trot.

RIFLE SHOOTING SWEEPSTAKES.

Winchester, (Va.) July 3, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I have seen a proposition in the Spirit of the Times to get up a Shooting Sweepstakes for *shot guns*, &c. I have been urged by some of our *mountain boys* to propose a sweepstakes for *Rifle-shooters*, $100 ent., P. P., to come off at Kendall, Baltimore, the first Wednesday in Nov. next; five entries or more to make it binding on subscribers; distance to be 100 yards, with a rest, or 60 yards off-hand, at the option of the shooter—(100 with a rest has always been considered equal to 60 yards off-hand)—to shoot ten balls each, to measure with string-measure; any subscriber can either shoot for himself, or get another person to shoot for him, provided, however, he shoots but one chance.

I believe that Western Virginia and Maryland alone would furnish 10 or 15 entries to such a stake, and should other States furnish enough to make up twenty-five subscribers, it would be $5000, a sum sufficient to induce marksmen to come from all parts of the Union. Entries to be made with Mr. James B. Kendall, Baltimore; to close by the 1st of Sept., and notice *then* to be given of the number of entries in the Spirit of the Times. W.

NEW JOCKEY CLUB AT CINCINNATI.

Grass Hills (Ky) July 7, 1838.

Sir,—Maj. Geo. M. Long, of Louisiana, and Geo. N. Sanders, Esq., of Kentucky, have procured suitable ground for a Race Course near Cincinnati, which will be in proper order for the meeting to take place on the last Tuesday in September next.

The gentlemen of Cincinnati have formed a Club, elected their officers, and acted with spirit and liberality in promoting the views of the proprietors. It is thought there will be two hundred and fifty subscribers at $20 each per ann., which will enable the proprietors to give large purses.

The following gentlemen were elected *Officers of the Club* for the ensuing year:—

T. D. CARNEAL, Esq., PRESIDENT.

Vice Presidents.

J. P. Garniss, Wm. R. Morris, J. W. Coleman, and Jacob Strader, Esqrs.

Rec. Secretary.	*Cor. Secretary.*	*Treasurer.*
R. C. Woodward, Esq.	J. F. Conover, Esq.	Wm. Sertees, Esq.

Stewards.

Samuel Scott, G. R. Gilmore, C. S. Ramsay, P. Collins, H. E. Spencer, N. L. Hazen, E. J. Miller, N. M. McCean, J. D. Burrows, and Joseph Bates, Esqrs.

Terre Haute, (Ind.) July 11, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I notice in your excellent paper of the 30th ult. an account of the Louisville Spring Races, transmitted by your correspondent, in which a slight mistake occurs regarding the two mile contest for the Oakland Plate. *Jemima*, by Woodpecker, dam by Sir William of Transport, is placed among the nags distanced in the second heat, in 3:54. By a reference to the daily report of the races, as furnished by *all* the Louisville papers, it will be seen that your correspondent has been misinformed. *Jemima* was *not* distanced, but was placed fourth, and but a few feet in rear of her half brother, *Grey Eagle*, one of the contending nags of the day. Though the mistake is one easily made, and may not appear very material to correct, it is nothing but justice to say it is, nevertheless, a mistake. *Jemima* ran at Lexington against *Dick Johnson*, and other good ones, the three mile day, and a good second at that, and of course should not now be placed at the *wrong side* of the distance stand, unless she deserved it.

Very respectfully, *.*.

BLOOD STOCK OF N. TERRY, ESQ.

(*Locust Grove, near Sanders, Ala., June* 27, 1838.)

Santee, ch. c. by Wild Bill (by Archie) dam Sally McGehee by Timoleon, 3 yrs., Spring, 1838.

Arkaluka, ch. c. by Imp. Leviathan, out of Sally McGehee, 1 year old, Spring, 1838.

Tasso, br. c. by Imp. Leviathan out of Sally McGehee, foaled Spring 1838.

Little Leader, b. c. by O'Kelly out of Bay Doe by Shakspeare, 3 yrs., Spring 1838.

Jewsharp, b. c. by Marion out of Bay Doe, 2 yrs. old, Spring 1838.

Mirza, br. f. by Wild Bill out of Bay Doe, 1 yr. old, Spring 1838.

Pantaletto, br. f. by Imp. Consol, dam Bay Doe, foaled Spring 1838.

Flight, gr. f by O'Kelly out of Nancy Robinson by Shakspeare, 3 yrs. old, Spring. 1838.

Selocta, b. c. by Wild Bill, dam Archess by Archie, 4 yrs. old, Spring 1838.

Hippy, ch. f. by Imp. Leviathan, dam Clare de Kitchen by Shakspeare, 2 yrs. old, Spring 1838.

Oronoko, br. c. by Imp. Consol, dam Mermaid by Shakspeare, 1 yr. old, Spring 1838.

Glennet, b. f. by Imp. Glencoe, dam Mermaid, foaled Spring 1838.

Nubbinetta, b. f. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand, 1 yr. old, Spring 1838.

Damascus, ch. or gr. c. by Imp. Luzborough, dam by Bertrand, foaled Spring 1838.

Maelstroom, b. c. by Garrison's Zinganee out of Jenny Hunter by Shakspeare, foaled Spring 1838.

Danger, gr. c. by O'Kelly, dam by Buzzard, 3 yrs. old, Spring 1838.

Jack Easy, b. c. by Watkins Leigh (by Shakspeare) out of Cassandra by Wild Bill, foaled Spring 1838.

Eliza Hopkins, ch. f. by Wild Bill out of Lady Washington by Washington, 1 yr. old Spring 1838.

Pigeon Shooting.—This was was a match for a Sweepstakes (12 subscribers, 12 birds each), which came off on Thursday, the 31st, on the Uxbridge read, about midway between the above place and London. Pigeon shooting (as far as it goes in and about the metropolis) may fairly be said to be reduced to a science. Those who take part in only the very humble ones have acquired much skill through witnessing the style in which things are done by the "crack" men of the day. Each person concerned in the little affair in question, acquitted himself most creditably, the average being eight birds out of the dozen. A tye was found between two young men of the names of Davies and Rawlings, both having marked nine. It was subsequently shot off at six birds each; of these, the complete number were brought down by Davies, four by Rawlings.

Red House.—The extraordinary undertaking of Mr. Parnell, to kill ninety birds out of a hundred, prompted, perhaps, more by his recent victory over Mr. Weekham than by cool deliberation, turned out, as we anticipated, in a failure. It was made for two days' shooting, but he got too far abroad on the first to retrieve it afterwards. He was eight birds bad on the first day, and on the second missed three of the first nine. Betting was 4 to 1 against him.

One Thousand Miles in One Thousand Hours.—A correspondent informs us that a person named Molloy has undertaken to perform the Herculean task of walking one thousand miles in one thousand successive hours, with the additional difficulty of abstaining from anything intoxicating in its nature, or, in fact, stronger than tea, coffee, or ginger beer. It is rumored that the temperance societies will amply reward him in the event of his success, as it will go far in establishing their doctrine. Post.

Gillett and Townsend.—Gillett's money is ready to the "tune" of either £50 or £100, to walk the "Croydon Hero" 40 miles. The proprietor of the Black Horse, in Coventry-street, Haymarket, has the "needful."

A London sportsman not long since, contemplating a day's hunting near Tring, took his horse to cover by the railroad, from Euston-square, and in the afternoon returned by the same conveyance.

The following horses were sold by Mr. Tilburn on Tuesday last, in front of the York Tavern:—Bay mare by Muley, out of Bequest, with a colt foal by Macedonius (Mr. Dawson), 25 gs.; bay yearling colt, by Victor, out of the above mare (Mr. C. Peck), 21 gs. Several lots from the stud of S. L. Fox, Esq, were also sold at Middlethorpe and on Knavesmire.

English Sporting Intelligence.

THE DERBY DAY.

"Vensday for the fust time," exclaimed the propellors of the go-carts in voices curiously compounded of colds "cotch'd one atop of t'other," porter, tobacco-smoke, and gin. On "Vensday," therefore, according to the vernacular of St. George's-fields, London awoke to a sense of its situation, and became aware that that was the important day on which the Derby came off. Day-light saw mumpers, tumblers, thimble-rig-touters, fire-eaters, pocket-easers, tag-rag bob-tail and company cutting over the bridges in throngs: by six the vehicles of the steady ones were in action, but the real work of the road didn't commence until ten. Hundreds were in waiting round the "Helephant" to see the departure of what really looked like London emptying itself into the Epsom road. Sunshine gave promise of a lovely day: water carts had sprinkled the road, and laid a little, alas, very little of the dust; itinerant newsmen vociferously tendered the "*Times*, *Erald*, and *Haduertiser*; Jews proffered, for a consideration, knives and oranges, and the hum of human voices in every variety of inflection produced a scene that has no parallel in any country but our own. Kennington-gate was the "stopper," the way from the Elephant to that forming one line of carriages; those who know the "walley of peace and quietness" took to the left via Brixton and Mitcham, whilst we joined the throng, anxious to share in the

ROAD-SIDE ADVENTURES.

You could pick out the denizens of the various districts as they passed. The undeniability of the true St. George's-fields lad, with his bright silk tie, and hat curiously cocked on one side; the pallid hue of the Clerkenwell watchmaker; the unmistake-ability of the out-for-the-day linen linen-draper; the thorough respectability of the prime of-life citizen; the haughty bearing of the genuine aristocrat—the "would if I could" imitation of that same by youths, who live *at* the best; the elegant simplicity of the true English lady, beautiful from that very simplicity; the tawdry effort at being lady-like of the *Abigail;* the richly-dressed, but ill-mannered courtesan; the honest joy of the small tradesman, taking his wife and boys for the first time in his own chay-cart; the *intendeds*, making love at each stoppage; the hirsute appearance of bands of foreigners; the thorough *varmint* of some *bloused*, petersham'd, and mackintosh'd swells of the by-gone style; the exquisite appointments of the four-in-hands, and the yellow-kidded riders on (not *in*) them; the fine old post-boys, rising 60, with their sky-blue jackets and white silk hats; the out-and-out-any-thing-for-a-spree appearance of the ten in a donkey cart, "who have all got whips;" the yellow-haired sailors, minus a leg, arm, or eye; the bare-footed Hibernians; the *rather suspicious*-looking flower-girl; the juveniles throwing catherine-wheels and hand-springs, to the danger of their necks by the exercise, and of their limbs from the carriages; the old familiar racing faces; the green and brown coats, drab small, and continuations; the riders of other days; the boxers of ditto—the Harry Lees, Tom Cribs, &c.; and, above all, the innocent wonder of country cousins braving for the first time the dangers, and they are not trifling, of an expedition to Epsom, form a scene which even Cruikshank failed accurately to delineate. Vainly then may we seek to describe

"What pencil fail'd to trace."

Amid this mighty mass of animated humanity there were some faces on which deep anxiety was written too legibly for us to doubt for a moment that they were dipped for the Derby: the slight tremor of the lip and the quickly-changing eye, or else the dull stare on vacancy, all indicated that the ensuing scene, though one of great excitement, was not one of pleasure to them.

To enumerate the eccentrics that studded the road would be to prepare a list rivalling in extent Robson's Directory. There were at least two dozen "doing the D'Orsay," even to the color of the mackintosh. In one britska was a gentleman well known in the regions of St. James's, who not being sufficiently conspicuous, drove a piebald, that looked vastly like one long a favorite at Ducrow's. The worthy that drove may be known by the following description:—He stands 5ft. 8in., and has a somewhat ruddy proboscis, turned up with a pair of green gooseberry eyes that are looking out for squalls right and left; his whiskers are extensive and carrotty; his mouth so capacious that when he laughs, his head appears coming off; his hair is a sweet mixture between new rope and mud color; and he amuses himself down the road by winking and nodding to every pretty woman he meets. Cross, of the Surrey menagerie, was close behind this animal keeping a sharp look-out, and on our next visit to that establishment we trust to see the creature we have described properly secured in the ourang outang department.

Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence dashed into Sutton at a slapping pace, followed by some delicate dandies in green veils, and others in eye-protecting wire spectacles. His lordship, with other fashionables, had horses, and mounting there galloped gaily to the course.

Whilst all was excitement at the half-way, weary were the doings at the 12th mile-stone, or what is called the *Newgate*, a place, by-the-bye, to which many would willingly have consigned the keeper of the trust. Slow and sure appears to be the motto of Messrs. the Toll-takers, and a miserable time we had of it, relieved only by the presence of some of England's fairy faces, who sat one and all like "patience on a monument smiling at grief." A last the gate was passed, and away rattled the countless many to the turf.

THE RAILWAY.

So much for the high road; turn we to the Southampton Railroad. All the "cautious cards" had had fourpenny-worth of hot water in a steamer to Nine Elms, from whence they were to go "per rail" to Kingston for 1s. 6d., and then stump it across to Epsom. A large party of sandwich and stone-bottle carriers landed at the Elms, and the proprietors of the rails being, like *Cassio*, arithmeticians, soon discovered that carriages calculated to carry 500, could not conveniently convey ten times that number. The persons assembled, amid whom the swell-mob were most conspicuous, got into the carriages *ri et armis;* and when our reporter came away, women were screaming, men fighting, engineers swearing, and, fortunately, the police arriving.

London, though sending nineteen-twentieths, does not furnish Epsom with all its visitors. Healthy faces came pouring over Banstead; Reigate, Crawley, Brighton, Richmond, and Hampton, contributed masses to the vast number assembled on

THE GROUND.

London now is out of town was the prevalent ditty; every other face was that of some one you knew, or some one who knew some one you thought you did. Dr. Liston and a strong medical force ought to have been in attendance, to look to the dislocations of necks occasioned by repeated bowings. "Is anybody left in London to look after the shops!" was really not an unnatural question. The Grand Stand was not *filled*, it was gorged—choked with visitors. If any doubts ever ever existed as to the stability of that building, they are removed now—at once and forever. Looking from thence, myriads of barouches filled each side of the course, and in them smiled lovely faces who might almost have tempted us to believe there was no care on earth. On the beautiful hill that rises behind the course, another crowd of carriages and horsemen were assembled, and here Parker, of Reigate, a right good-fellow and a sportsman, had a stand and a marquee for refreshments. Another stand was beside his, and about ten other refreshment booths. Some distance behind these, was that animated spot, the betting ring, where steed jostled steed, whilst the riders carefully marked down what they had taken or offered. How different was the business expression of the faces there, from the bland joyous look of the inhabitants of the barouches! We trust we are not amid the narrow-minded class that see no merit, no beauty, but in England, but after pretty considerable travelling, continental and otherwise, we feel, and fire cannot burn it out of us, that the beauty of English women transcends that of any other nation, in a ratio of at least a dozen to one. Mingled amid the beautiful, were those most interesting objects in creation, well-educated and (of course) well-mannered children. Their sparkling eyes and unrestrainable laughs of ecstacy, were well worth the journey, an' it had rained scythes, red-hot pokers, and pitchforks. Below the barouches was various coaches *lettered* for Birmingham, Manchester, &c., yet there they were *pro tem* quietly located at Epsom. Save the running-horses and those bestrode by the *elite* of the visitors, the display of cattle was below par, consisting principally of post-horses, all of whom were what Mrs. Stirling, in *Sally Snow*, called, "*Used to-could-be's.*" The play men were there in regiments. We had two or three Newmarket club-houses, a Kingston-house, a Pickwick Club, a Victoria ditto—to say nothing of the second-rate stands (declared to be under the patronage of the Earl of Derby), in the lower part of which *Roulette*, *La Mervielle*, &c., were in full play. The *flats* on the ground must have been numerous, if the *sharps* found their visit repay them. In the way of the eatables and drinkables, there were, besides those we have already named, the Rse and Thissell (Rose and Thistle, we presume), kept by Charlott, or C. Harlott; but, as Mr. Cribb said, "They both meant the same thing;" the Black Horse, the Haunch of Venison, &c. Gingerbread-stalls and toy-shops were plentiful; thimble-men, and the delightful-sunburnt-large-umbrella-dice-dealing ladies were there in throngs; a parcel of show caravans, containing every sort of ruffian, in league with the before-mentioned parties, skirted the course; beggars, ballad-singers, fortune-tellers, balancers, and those three-thousand-times repeated nuisances, *Jim Crows*, were all there. The police, above 100 in number, were under Superintendent Sandrock, and Inspectors Hughes and Steed; and when it is considered that the multitude they had to control far exceeded one hundred thousand, it is truly creditable to their exertions to declare that they preserved public peace, though half the thieves of London were on the ground—and that without resorting to any act of violence.

There was but one exhibition (worthy to be called so) on the ground, and that attracted the attention of Lord Suffield and other noblemen, and deserved the patronage it received. It consisted of a travelling carriage, or, rather, of a perambulating house, with a drawing-room 30 feet by 9, and nine feet in height, containing six windows, a stove, cupboards—a settee, that converts into a four post bed—a couch, that is also a plate chest—a sofa, chairs, tables, a handsome looking-glass, and, in fact, every appurtenance that an elegant apartment requires. There is an anti-room nine feet by five, and so slang and contrived, that whilst travelling at the rate of six miles an hour, even tea cups, though hung up as in houses, never change their position; this is a triumph in the art of constructing vehicles, where the domestic comforts of the traveller are to be consulted. Mr. Newman is the inventor and proprietor of this extraordinary machine; the wheels, &c. are very strong, and on a new principle; from the sides, canvas can be spread out to form a marquee of any dimensions, yet the whole weighs but two tons, and is drawn by a couple of horses; it is admirably adapted for picnic parties.

Our list of the fashionables present is short, but if the reader will add to these the usual visitors oft recorded, he will have a good notion of the company on the ground.

Duke and Duchess of Cleveland, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Montrose, Duke of Rutland.

Marquis of Exeter, Marquis and Marchioness of Londonderry.

Lords—Jersey, Chesterfield, Suffield, Wilton, Stradbroke, Uxbridge, Albemarle, Eglinton, Hillsborough, Craven, Portarlington, Stanley, Mulgrave, Gardner, R. Paget, Villiers, Waldegrave, G. Bentinck, J. Fitzroy, H. Bentinck, &c.

Counts—Batthyany, D'Orsay, and several other foreign noblemen.

Ladies—Chesterfield, Milbank, Seymour, &c.

Sirs—J. Shelley, D. Baird, G. Heathcote, C. Cook, &c.

Honorables—Gen. Grosvenor, G. Anson, G. Byng, J. Wortley, A. Villiers, S. Herbert, &c.

Colonels—Peel, Copeland, &c.

Captains—White, Willan, Ricardo, Gardner, Williamson, Williams, &c.

Messieurs—Greville, J. Stanley, Irby, Worrall, J. Bayley, Shelley, Peyton, Dolphin, Payne, H. Coombe, Errington, Crommelin, Clive, Etwall, Higgins, M. Stanley, Batson, De Burgh, &c.

Amongst the fair inmates of the Grand Stand were Mesdames Grisi and Taglioni. The former "Queen of Song" seemed highly amused at the specimens of our national music, which, from the itinerant vocalists, occasionally met her ear. At the conclusion of the day's amusements she was led to her carriage by the Duke of Beaufort.

THE WARREN.

The start was advertised for two, but did not take place before three. At that hour the course was as clear and looked as smooth, as a billiard board; the over-anxious had wound down to the Warren, and crowds, four and six deep, consisting principally of those who wanted to obtain ocular demonstration of the state of the nags; all here was feverish anticipation, but the condition was generally satisfactory. Another crowd were in waiting to see the horses as they came through the gate on to the ground. Many passed unheeded, not for their demerits, but from the absorbing anxiety to behold Cobham, D'Egville, the Grey, and Phœnix. Scott came forth looking cautious but confident. Day had the smile of a winner as he walked the Grey through; never did horse appear in finer order, though it was again whispered that something was amiss. Phœnix (with all deference to Lord Jersey's trainer) was too fat; a remark that was made, though not with equal justice, respecting Amato: the style in which that horse has been turned out reflects great credit on Sherwood. Young Rowton, with Chifney upon him, obtained a quantity of what is termed *gape*-seed; and Ion, with Pavis, whose face is an odd admixture of simplicity and cunning, was universally declared to be up to the mark. Dormouse and Bullion had admirers; and Drum-Major, had time allowed, would certainly have gone up in the betting; G. Edwards looked like a winner. From the want of ropes or rails on the off side, the course was badly kept at the rise, and the anxiety was great to see the horses as they cantered by "jist to *hile* their jints," as a gentleman near us remarked. Luckily no mischief occurred.

The excitement at the awful announcement, "*They're off*," was immense. All eyes were turned in the direction of the coming phalanx, and, as each horse was seen to change his position, hope was raised or depressed. It was not till the turn at Tattenham Corner, that the enthusiasm of the spectators was manifested in its full force, and the burst of shouts and exclamations was deafening. Every voice was raised to proclaim an opinion, and the animation which pervaded the female circles was testified in a manner not less vociferously than among their more hardy companions. "The crack is beaten!" "The Grey wins!" was the simultaneous shout, as the ruck swept round the course in full view of the winning post, and certainly most gallantly did *Momus* justify the confidence of his friends; but, alas! the prediction of his success was to be defeated, and however well Yates had made his calculation, the severity of the pace proved too much for his favorite. *Amato* shot forth like a meteor, passed the *Grey*, and took up the running with *Ion*, and between them a tremendous struggle followed. It was soon seen, however, that Amato had made all his opponents safe, and amidst the cheers of

"Ten thousand tongues:
Ten thousand pair of iron lungs."

was proclaimed the victor, Ion being second, and the Grey third. The moment the struggle was over the multitude rushed with uncontrollable eagerness on the course, and hurried with varying rapidity to the "judgment seat," where the result was officially announced, and the philosophy of the winners and the losers was alike exercised to restrain their joy or their mortification, although, as usual, few were disposed to admit that they had been wrong in their judgment. Lord Geo. Bentinck, the owner of the Grey, sat in the stand adjoining the Grand Stand, but did not exhibit any extraordinary excitement at the result, which, to him, as he had laid heavily against the other favorites, was, no doubt, productive of no serious results. Amato, as will be seen, was at 30 to 1 in the betting, and his backers were principally confined to the immediate friends of Sir Gilbert, or those acquainted with his trainer, Sherwood, who looked with confidence to the result, and to whom great credit is due for the style in which he brought all his nags to the post. Sherwood was educated in Mr. Watt's school, one of the best in the North, and although comparatively in obscurity heretofore, has fully sustained the high opinion of his employer. Chapple, the fortunate Jock, signalized himself in 1833 by winning both the Derby and Oaks; the former on *Dangerous*, and the latter on *Vespa*. In 1833 twenty-five horses started, so that he has signalized himself by winning the Derby, not only when the greatest number of horses which started for the race, but now by winning the greatest amount—two events of no small magnitude in racing vicissitudes—and to add to his good fortune it will be seen that he won the next race (the Ewell Stakes, also, on a mare of Sir Gilbert's) *The Countess*. It is said that "misfortunes never come alone;" but here the converse of the proposition has been signally sustained, and we are happy to state that amidst the mortification of disappointment all seemed rejoiced at the success of Sir Gilbert.

The Betting.—At the final break up of the ring, before the start, the odds were as follows:—

2 to 1 agst. Grey Momus.	30 to 1 agst. Amato.
7 to 2 —— Cobham.	40 to 1 —— Conservator.
7 to 1 —— Phœnix.	40 to 1 —— Drum-Major.
8 to 1 —— D'Egville (taken).	40 to 1 —— Chymist.
13 to 1 —— Young Rowton.	40 to 1 —— Bullion.
13 to 1 —— Ion.	1000 to15 —— Bretby.
25 to 1 —— The Early Bird.	1000 to15 —— Dædalus, Constantine, & Scurry, jointly (taken).
30 to 1 —— Albemarle.	

THE DERBY.

WEDNESDAY, May 30, 1838.—A renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year olds, colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; the last mile and a half; the owner of the second horse to receive 100 sovs. out of the stakes, and the winner to pay 100 sovs. towards the expenses of additional police officers; 134 subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's *Amato*, by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore	Chapple.	1
Col. Peel's *Ion*, by Cain, out of Margaret	Pavis	2
Lord G. Bentinck's gr. c. *Grey Momus*, by Comus, dam by Cervantes	J. Day	3

[Nineteen others started, but were not placed. See Spirit of the Times of 23d June.]

THE RACE.

The race was appointed to be run at two o'clock, but what with delay amongst the jockies, and two or three false starts, the clock had struck three before the horses were off; even then the start was so unsatisfactory that several half stopped their horses: Young Rowton was pulled up after running to the first post, and the Surprise colt was left behind altogether. It is strange that this bungling work occurs only at Epsom. Finding that the flag was down, Bretby went away with the lead at a very good pace, followed by Amato, Grey Momus, and Tom, with Phœnix, Ion, Conservator, Dædalus, D'Egville, and Cobham well up, the latter lying inside; Albemarle, who had a bad start, soon joined this lot. They observed this order up the hill, at the top of which Bretby declined, and at once fell into the rear. The Grey then took the lead, which he kept, with Tom, Amato, and Albemarle in attendance, to the turn. Phœnix, who had run well to this point, tired and gave up: so also did D'Egville; Cobham, Constantine, and several others having shut up long before. On making the turn Amato shot by the Grey, and increased the pace tremendously, the Grey following, Tom still up, and Ion just beginning to emerge from the ruck of beaten horses. Amato had made the Grey safe directly he took up the running, and although Ion made a desperate effort for victory half way up the distance, it was with no other result than to get second place—the Judge awarding the prize to the Epsom nag by a length, his advantage over the Grey being four times as great. Albemarle passed Tom near the chair, and was 4th, Tom 5th, Dormouse and Conservator 6th and 7th; but all a considerable distance from the first four. Cobham was the first horse beaten; he never could live the pace, and came in an immense distance astern of all. Constantine and Bretby were before him, and, with Drum-Major, Bullion, the Aaron colt, Dædalus, The Early Bird—in fact, all whose names we have not previously mentioned, were most ignominiously tailed off. The principal winners are several gentlemen living at Sutton, or elsewhere in the neighborhood of Epsom. Sir G. Heathcote, who on all occasions contents himself with the stake and the honor of victory, had not a sixpence on the race.

The winner is a remarkably well-made racing-like horse, a good bay, with black legs, lengthy, and standing 15 hands 9½ inches. He coughed about a month ago, was bled, had a mustard blister on his throat, and gentle medicine; under this treatment he was only two days in the stable, never refused his corn, and by winning the Derby has proved that a cough is not always so bad as the public imagine. The effect of his being reported amiss induced many to hedge their money, and the Epsom folks became prejudiced against the "coughing pony," as they termed him. That he was not backed with any spirit after the race between Tawney Owl and Beggarman, is owing to the impression prevalent with nineteen out of every twenty, that the latter was not fit to run. That the Grey was defeated is not surprising, considering the severity of the pace; he ran, as he always does, stoutly, but his speed is bad. Cobham's running is perfectly unaccountable—where the mistake lies we cannot say, but that it is running we never can believe. (The Scotts themselves, unable to account for it, tried the horse again on Friday, on the same terms as before the race, and with the same result—he won easy.) The settling takes place on Tuesday next, and is likely to be a quiet one; it is true that most of the betters round laid all their money against him, but the losses are divided amongst too many to be felt seriously.

In the evening, the principal inhabitants of Epsom formed themselves into a deputation, for the purpose of congratulating Sir Gilbert on his victory: he expressed himself highly gratified with the compliment, which, as he happily expressed it, was equal to winning a second Derby. After parading the town with a band of music, the deputation spent a convivial night in honor of an event which has given unmixed satisfaction to all classes resident in the neighborhood.

As certain as that British Oak is a sterling feature in the "wooden walls" of Old England, and in ages past was the repose of royalty, then have the Derby Stakes of 1838 passed in the highest style into the hands of a firm and right honorable patron of the national pastime. Long trial to achieve the *ne plus ultra* of the *noblesse's* ambition has fallen to the fortune of Grey Cap and Sir Gilbert. Justly may he wear the wreath placed on his brow on Epsom Downs, and the thorough-bred men of all lands (putting winning and losing out of the question) rejoice that the victory should have been achieved by one whose name is one of that class so admirably calculated to be an honor to the pages of Weatherby, and an example of straight-forward conduct as a well-wisher of the turf, well worthy the attention of the British eye. Our anxious desire (expressed last Friday) that the race should be won as it has been, by one of "the right class," &c., having been realized, we proceed to express our regret that neither Young Rowton or Phœnix should have cut up in better style. We fancied them strongly, and "the Grey not to win." With Young Rowton we had no chance, as the start, &c., will show.

THE OAKS DAY.

On the Oaks day perhaps so numerous an assemblage of company was never collected on the Downs before. Compared with the multitude on Wednesday, it was but a small assembly; but in comparison with what is seen at other race-courses it was indeed a crowd. The hill was nearly covered with equipages, and for a long way on both sides of the race-ground there was a train of carriages arranged in triple and quadruple rows. Horsemen were also in great force, and pedestrians in thick clusters The Grand Stand was well attended, and the minor stands well filled. The company, taken generally, were of a rather superior class to those who were on the ground on the Derby day, or at all events, the better sort were present, and the mob was away. The weather was very fine; there was not a drop of rain upon the downs during the day; indeed rain would have been desirable for the improvement of the grass, though it might have spoiled the bonnets of the ladies.

THE OAKS.

FRIDAY, June 1, 1838—The Oaks Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 year old fillies, 8st. 4lb. One mile and a half. The other conditions the same as for the Derby. Ninety-eight subs.

Lord Chesterfield's br. f. *Industry*, by Priam, out of Arachne	Scott.	1
Lord Suffield's b. f. *Callisto*, by Camel, out of Ursula	Pavis.	2

The following were not placed:

Mr. Mostyn's Brown Duchess, by Camel, out of Archduchess (Lye).
Mr. Theobald's br. f. Camelia, by Camel, out of Datura's dam (Robinson).
Duke of Grafton's br. f. Unique, by Reveller, out of Turquoise (J. Day).
Sir G. Heathcote's br. f. Paraquay, by Sir Hercules, out of Paradigm (Chapple).
Mr. Forth's b. f. by Muley, out of Lacerta, Marvel's dam (Owner).
—— —— b. f. The Soldier's Consort, by The Colonel, out of Frederica (Buckle).
Mr. Greville's br. f Morella, sister to Mango (Nat).
Lord Exeter's Romania, by Sultan, out of Ramona (Conelly).
—— —— Mecca, by Sultan, out of Miss Cantly (Darling).
Col. Peel's bl. f. Wave, by Defence, out of Versatility (G. Edwards).
Mr. Bond's ch. f. Sister to Glaucus, by Partisan (H. Edwards).
—— —— b. f. by Partisan, out of Coquette (Macdonald).
Mr. Tilbrook's b. f. Sister to Venison, by Partisan (F. Edwards).
Lord Chesterfield's Caroline Elvina, by Tramp, out of Babel (C. Edwards).

BETTING.

On the morning of the race Industry and Unique were in great force, nor was Mecca or Callisto without good strong parties, and so they continued to the close, when the odds were as follow: 5 to 2 agst. Callisto, 6 to 1 agst Industry, 8 to 1 agst. Unique (100 to 3 offered after the ring broke up), 8 to 1 agst. Mecca (taken), 10 to 1 agst. Brown Duchess, 12 to 1 agst. Sister to Marvel, 12 to 1 agst. Camelia, and 20 to 1 agst. any other.

THE RACE.

After three or four vain attempts this numerous but moderate lot got away on excellent terms, Caroline Elvina leading at her best pace, followed by Callisto, Mecca, and Romania; Morella, Industry, and Sister to Marvel next, the latter's jockey looking as if her place was not much to his taste. Caroline continued the lead at her best pace to the turn, where, having performed her allotted task, she resigned. Callisto now took the lead, Romania following her, Mecca and Sister to Marvel lying inside her, near the rails, and Industry just breaking from the ruck to take the upper ground. About four hundred yards from home Sister to Marvel went to the front, looking so well, that "Forth wins!" resounded from all parts of the course; her chance, however, was out at the distance. Industry was now lying wide of Callisto, but on going up she hung so much upon the latter that their course was oblique; and Pavis irritated, struck Scott on the thigh with his whip. Industry caught Callisto at the Grand Stand, headed her at the end of it, and won cleverly, not easily, by a length. Mecca, who was close to the lower rails, was not beaten above a neck from Callisto; Sister to Marvel was about three lengths behind; the next lot, consisting of Morella, Paraquay, Coquette filly, Romania, and Soldier's Consort, were eight or ten lengths astern; the next division was composed of Wave, Brown Duchess, and Unique; the last of Camelia, Sister to Glaucus, Caroline Elvina, and Sister to Venison, the latter playing the whipper in. The pace was good, but not by any means superior.

Value of the Stakes, subject to the usual deduction, £2,850. It is, perhaps, fortunate for Lord Chesterfield that so many mares went amiss. We doubt very much if the result would have been as above had Barcarolle, Vespertilio and Ninny been in the race.

The winner was bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1835 and is got by Priam, out of Arachne (bred by Mr. Houldsworth in 1822), by Filho da Puta, her dam Treasure, by Camillus, out of Hyacinthus, out of Flora, by King Fergus, &c. The settling for this and the Derby takes place on Tuesday next.

A Plate of 50*l.*, free for any horse, given by W. J. Denison, Esq., and the Hon. G Perceval, Members for West Surrey; 3 yr. olds 6st. 11lb.—4, 8st.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged, 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. The winner to be sold for 200 sovs. Heats. Craven Course.

Col. Shubrich's c. *Davie Gellatley*, 3 yrs	Cotton	1	1
Mr. Pettit's b. g. Munchausen, 3 yrs	Pettit, jun	4	2
Mr. Wickham's Pincher, aged	Thompson	2	3
Mr. Palmer's b. g. The Bravo, 5 yrs	Wakefield	5	4
Mr. Harrison's br. c. Mat. Bryce, 4 yrs	Sly	6	5
Capt. Gardnor's b. c. by Trumpeter, out of Lady Blanche's dam, 3 yrs	Nat	3	dr

In the first heat Pincher made the running to the turn, where Davie went up, passed him at the Grand Stand, and won by a length. In the 2d heat the work was cut out by Pincher and Munchausen, Davie waiting on them to the same point as in the 1st heat, where he took the lead, kept it, ran a very game horse, and won by a length. He was claimed.

The *Derby and Oaks Stakes* of 5 sovs. each, with 40 added; for 3 year olds, 7st.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 8st. 12lb.—6 and aged 9st.—mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the 2d to receive back his stake; winner to be sold for 120 sovs.; heats, one mile.

Mr. Shelley's ch. h. *Rubens*, 5 yrs	Macdonald.	4	1	1
Mr. Shepherd's gr. g Jim Crow, 4 yrs	Hornsby	2	4	2
Mr. Sadler's ch. f. by Reveller, out of Design, 3 yrs	Chapple	1	2	3
Mr. Corbet's b. c. Hannibal, 3 yrs	W. Boyce	3	3	dr

The first heat was contested with great severity by the Reveller filly and Jim Crow, and won by a neck only. The 2d and 3d were good races, but won cleverly at the finish.

THE FINISH.

Thus ended the Epsom of 1838, which has been productive of as many curious events as any former meeting. Of these it may be our duty to speak after settling day (Tuesday next), which will, no doubt, bring its events too. The winners are principally residents of Epsom, Sutton, and its vicinity. One party sat down at the latter place to dinner, the table holding winners to the tune of £17,000. Amid them were Mr. Barnes, who netted £2,094, and *a hat* (four-and-ninepenny or otherwise not specified)! Mr. Samuel Smith, and friends, £10,000. Ginger Stubbs did the thing spicily. Mansfield, of the Greyhound, made £160; another landlord £1500, and his wife £500; Mr. Cromlin and Dr. Smith also made good books.

The road was not crowded on the return, and torrents of rain induced even the most frolicsome to make London as fast as possible. The weather has been propitious, and taking the racing throughout, it has been of a good character, whilst the attendance has been such as to entitle this to the name of a very splendid meeting. Farewell, Epsom, until 1839.

AMATO, WINNER OF THE DERBY OF 1838.

PEDIGREE.—He was bred in 1835 by his present owner, and was got by Velocipede, out of Jane Shore (bred by his Royal Highness the Duke of York, in 1820,) by Woful: her dam, Bella Conna, by Seymour, out of Gramarie, by Sorcerer, dam by Sir Peter, out of Deceit, sister to the Yellow Filly, by Tandem, &c. &c. &c.

DESCRIPTION.—Mr. Herring, whose judgment of the important points in the Anatomy of a Horse is well known and appreciated, has favored us with the following description of Amato :—

"He is a brown bay, and stands 15 hands 2 inches high; he has the Blacklock head, but not quite so round in the nose as the generality of that family; his ears are rather long, but neat; his neck very light, and beautifully formed at the setting on of the head; his shoulders lay well back—his withers high, deep in the brisket, with rather a full chest—ribs both fore and back very good—excellent loins, and very long quarters, tail set on high; his arms, thighs, and hocks, are inclined to be small; he is a delicate-limbed horse, or, in other words, (what a horse-dealer would call) short of bone; yet very cleanly, and what may be fairly styled a nice wiry horse.

Bell's Life.

RULES AND ORDERS OF THE JOCKEY CLUB.

BETTING ON P. P. RACES.

In the Rules of the Jockey Club, which came into force on the first of January, 1828, from No. 25 to 31 inclusive will be found all the existing regulations on the subject of betting published on the authority of that Society. In those seven Rules no allusion whatever is made to the principle of P. P. betting, the system upon which almost all Turf Traffic is conducted in this country. When a horse comes into the market, and is publicly backed, it is generally understood that a conventional agreement is thereby entered into between his owner and the public, that, should he be fit, he shall start for the particular race for which he has been so backed, no announcement being made, *at the time*, to the contrary. This opinion I have always adopted, and treated it as the basis of that system of honorable practice upon which alone Racing could hope for a permanent foundation. When Mr. Mostyn was offered a vast sum for the Queen of Trumps on the eve of the Leger to keep her out of that race, he certainly countenanced the impression that there are cases in which a man may do as he pleases with his own. Our present affair, however, is not with speculations on this subject, but to state the avowed sentiments entertained upon it by our highest Racing authority.

An interview which I lately had with one of the Stewards of the Jockey Club, and at which some other Members were also present, I regarded as a good opportunity of ascertaining the real state of the question, as to the obligation understood to exist between proprietors of race horses and the public by whom such horses have been backed. I will give the conversation as well as my memory serves me.

A Member.—You are constantly in the habit of speaking of horses as the property of the public, a principle I can by no means recognise. A horse is like any other description of property that we have a right to use as best suits our pleasure or our profit.

Another Member—(generally considered one of the best practical authorities of the Club).—Gentlemen who keep race horses are at very heavy charges incurred for their own gratification, and not to accommodate those who think fit to wager about them. It is absurd to imagine that any man has a right to dictate to me how I am to employ an instrument of my own amusement.

The Steward.—My race horses cost me a great deal of money, and naturally I look to such means as may serve to lessen my expenses. I have a horse named in the Derby and the Leger. In the market he is at 5 to 1 for the former event, and at 10 to 1 for the latter. It is not my affair that he has been backed for the Derby; and if I cannot lay my money out as well for it as the Leger, I have an undoubted right to draw him at any hour I please, and keep him for a race upon which I can get on to more advantage. It suits a party frequently to make a horse a favorite for their own purposes without any earthly foundation. Why should the proprietors be prejudiced by such intrigues, and yet be compelled to pursue a course that will profit the very individuals by whom he suffers? Bay Middleton was got up to 8 to 1 for the Derby before, as Lord Jersey assured me, he had even had a gallop.

So far a moiety of the question was disposed of—and that nothing should remain behind, I put this inquiry: Suppose a horse backed at Tattersall's or elsewhere meet with a casualty, is there an implied understanding that his owner make it public—if he break a leg for instance.

Steward.—In that case I certainly think there is, but not in an ordinary accident. I am not to be called upon to declare that my horse is amiss: as matter of courtesy only can such information be expected. It is a fallacy to imagine owners of race horses bound to put every man who chooses to bet in possession of the economy of his stables.

It is much to be desired that some definite rules for the regulation of P. P. betting should be added to those existing as to wagers in general. At present there is no rule to restrain any man from laying against his own horse, and drawing him at the post. I am no advocate for the betting fraternity, but I contend for fair play, let it offend whom it may. Play or Pay is the principle upon which all go into the market; it should be regulated so as to work alike for all. In its present state the odds are nineteen in twenty in favor of proprietors of horses.

London (Old) Sporting Mag. for June. CRAVEN.

Salmagundi.

MASTER JAMES GOSLING—A PORTRAIT.—"He is a little red-headed boy, with short sandy hair standing straight out like a shoe brush—a forehead half an inch high—a little pug nose—an enormous mouth—no eye brows, and a pair of small eyes which look green in the morning, and red at night. Four of his front teeth have been knocked out fighting. He has bit his nails half way down, so that you cannot look at them without setting your teeth on edge. His hands are covered with warts, and he has a shrill, cracking voice."

Well, gentle reader, how do you like the looks of Jim Gosling? Isn't he a beauty!

A couple of big dogs, one called Nick Biddle, the other Tom Benton, had the hardest kind of a fight at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, the other day, for $100 aside, fight or forfeit. Nick Biddle "flaxed out" Tom Benton just like nothing, and won the money.

PHRENOLOGY RUN MAD.—The Sunday Morning News has the following paragraph. We do not credit the story.

We learn, but can scarcely believe, that the grave of Osceola, at fort Moultrie, Charleston harbor, has been rifled, the head cut off and brought to this city, where it is undergoing the operation of pickling, prior to exhibition.

"Can you tell me, Mr. Jones, what is the highest your thermometer has been this morning?"

"Yes, just 5½ feet above the door sill, and no more."

The consort of the King of Hanover was a Princess of *Salm*, before she was married to *him*. Albany Gazette.

Of course there was much *harmony* when he went forth to *metre*.

Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

Why is a lady who does *not* paint like the Wandering Jew?
Because she is the *un-dying one*. Montreal Herald.
The Herald should abstain from *grave* puns. Ib.

Awful Destruction of Life.—The Vevay Times states that an old hen, seventeen chickens, and a barrel of *pickles*, were all killed by lightning a few days since in Craig township.

It is a pity the *pickles* were not *preserved*. Ib.

Geography.—"Which side of the river is the Canada side?" said a traveller, coming up the Maumee in a steamboat a few days since; "I've got turned round so that I cannot tell the points of the compass."

The *other side* was the Canada side, of course. Ib.

Some rascally fellows in North Hampton tore down, on the night of the 3d inst., the beautiful bower erected by the ladies of that village, to celebrate the 4th inst. They deserve to be spanked, and if the girls catch them, we hope they will give the wretches what their mothers evidently neglected to bestow upon them.

Boston Morning Post.

Something like Living.—A brother typo, hailing from Vermont, writes a brief account of his position, both official and domestic. Hear him:—

"The —— goes well—good subscription list—a nice house—the best garden in the city, full of all kinds of vegetables—an old horse—a good cow—a squealing pig—wife—little responsibility—devil—jour—self—that's all—except a glorious place to go fishing."

What a magnificent picture! and what subscribers he must have!

P—— D——, one of the most eminent lawyers in the Western country, now deceased, was sadly given to intoxication. On one occasion he entered a Methodist church while a minister was holding forth on the future punishment of the wicked. Fixing his eye upon Mr. D——, who was reeling near the door, he exclaimed—"There stands a sinner against whom I will bear witness in the day of judgment." At this the lawyer folded his arms, planted himself as firmly as he could, and addressing the man in the pulpit, he electrified the whole congregation after this fashion: "Sir," said Mr. D——, "I have been practising in the criminal courts for twenty years, and I have always found that the d—dest rascal is the first to give State's evidence."

The Javanese have a tradition, that their first idea of music arose from the circumstance of some one of their ancestors having heard the air make a melodious sound, as it passed through a bamboo tube, which hung accidentally on a tree, and was induced to imitate it. Thus they fable that music came from heaven.

It is said that Victoria is very partial to the Americans. We have thought so ever since she ordered the M. P. (*Morning Post.*)

The Last Scythe.—A Yankee pedler, recommending a sale, said that one of the same kind of scythes was so sharp, that they hung it on a tree in Kentucky, and its shadow cut a man's leg off!

New Works.—A philological treatise on the properties, virtues, and social importance of Gingerbread—with a supplement containing a succinct account of the Rise and Progress of Dough Nuts, and Serious Reflections upon Sugar Plums—by Absalom Littlefry. This savory work is calculated to promote the appetite, improve the taste, and exercise an unbounded influence over the rising generation. It should be in the hands of every person who is fond of gastronomic exercises.

Speculations on the Moral and Physical Character of the Frog, with a Frontispiece representing the hind quarter of one of these animals, prepared for culinary purposes. This is a profound work, intended to be followed by a voluminous treatise on the art of Hopping. Boston Herald.

PERRY COUNTY, May 17.

Mr. Bradford—Dear Sir,—Yesterday my overseer, with the aid of several negroes, killed, I presume, the largest Rattle Snake that has ever been seen in Alabama. It measured 13 feet 5 inches in length, and 3 feet 10½ inches in circumference round its belly—which, however, was larger than usual, for upon skinning it, we found it had swallowed a fox entirely whole. It weighed 73lbs. I have the skin preparing to present to our University Museum.

Tuscumbia (Ala.) Intelligencer. THOMAS BIRDSONG, Jr.

A new article is offered for sale in Mobile, called the *Electro Magnetic Pills*, recommended to those who intend going North, and warranted to deliver them at New York in less than fifteen hours after the first dose.

When Jones, the loafer, was taken for stealing wild cat money, curiosity drew numbers to the jail to see the culprit. Among others who visited the jail was the president of one of the wild cat banks, whose notes Jones had stolen. He assured the prisoner that he was very glad to see him in limbo. Jones, looking up to the wild cat president, replied—"Ah, sir, I did not expect that from you; indeed I did not; for you well know, that when all the country refused your notes, I took them."

Not Bad.—There is a deep moral conveyed in the following pleasant anecdote. "An editor in the far West has bought a race-horse, for which he paid $2000. On being asked what an editor had to do with a race-horse, he replied that he was to be used in 'catching runaway subscribers.'"

Antiquity of Modern Dress.—The ladies of Paris are at least as much attached to thin clothing as those of London. A lady of distinction there, having become very conspicuous by the thinness of her attire, one day, when she had a good deal of company, a packet was brought directed to her, and entitled, "Dress for Madame ——." It was brought up, and thinking it was an elegant dress she had ordered from her milliner, the lady resolved to treat her friends with a sight of this new invention of her fancy. It was opened, and there appeared *a vine leaf.* Focus.

A Literary Bore.—M——, the dramatist, was once met in St. James's Park by Fitzgerald, the poet, of "Rejected Addresses" celebrity.

"My dear M——," cried Fitzgerald, "were you at the Literary Fund dinner yesterday?"

"No," replied M——.

"Then you did not hear me recite my poetical addresses?"

"No."

"You are a lucky fellow in meeting me now," cried F., "for I *happen* to have a copy of it with me. Here it is, and I'll recite it to you at once."

"At your peril, Fitz," said M——; "I have pistols in my pocket."

Jonathan Outdone.—"Paris, May 2.—I congratulate you on the change in the weather. Its effect on vegetation was proved to me to-day. I was sitting in the Cafe Paris, giving a breakfast to a new arrival, when the room became dark. I called to the garçon to open the *Persiens.* 'They are open, Monsieur.' 'What makes the room so dark, then?' 'The trees, sir, which have burst into leaf since you sat down.'"

SHERIDAN, FOX, AND PITT.—OUR general impression of Sheridan was, that he came to the house with his flashes prepared and ready to let off. He avoided encountering Pitt in unforeseen debating, but when forced to it, usually came off well. Fox was often truly wonderful. He would begin at full tear, and roll on four hours together without tiring either himself or us. Pitt talked a great deal among his friends. Fox in general society was quiet and unassuming. Sheridan was a jolly companion, and told good stories, but has been overrated as a wit by Moore. Fox was truly amiable in private life; his father was a profligate politician and allowed him as much money to gamble with as ever he wished.

A MAN OF SENSE.—An old gentleman, whose character was unimpeached and unimpeachable, for some slight cause was challenged by a dissolute young Hotspur, who was determined the old gentleman should give him honorable satisfaction. The old gentleman very good naturedly refused to fight, and the fellow threatened to "gazette" him as a coward. "Well, go ahead—I had rather fill twenty newspapers than one coffin."

SWEEPSTAKES—KENDALL COURSE.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Kendall Course, near Baltimore, Fall 1838, Spring 1839, Spring 1840, Spring 1841, and Spring 1842:—

No. 1—FALL, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Two mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Sept.

No. 2—FALL, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st Sept.

No. 3—FALL, 1838.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Fall meeting, 1838, Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $75. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

There are subscribers to each of the above stakes, and many promised.

No. 4—SPRING, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, to run Spring meeting, 1839. Sub. $1000, ft. $250. Closed 1st Jan, 1837, with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. R. D. Shepherd names produce of Imp. Priam and Moss Rose, by Tramp.
2. Col. Wm. L. White names produce of Goliah and Maid of Athens.
3. Jas. B. Kendall names produce of Imp. Tranby and Mary Randolph.
4. Geo. Symms names produce of Mons. Tonson and Jemima Wilkinson.
5. Col. John Heth names produce of Shark and Arietta.
6. Col. J. M. Selden names produce of Hotspur and Florida.
7. Isham Puckett names produce of Gohanna and Gulnare.
8. J. M. Wilson names produce of Ivanhoe and Kitty Fisher.
9. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Collier's dam.
10. Wm. Williamson and J. P. Corbin not named.
11. Col. Wm. Wynn names produce of Chateau Margaux and Flirtilla.
12. Also, produce of Eclipse and Isabella.
13. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names produce of Eclipse and Peggy Mardee, (H. Maclin's).
14. Samuel Sprigg names produce of Imp Autocrat and Nancy Norwood.
15. Col. Wade Hampton names produce of Argyle and Pocahontas.
16. Also, produce of Emma and Imp. Camel.
17. James S. Garrison names produce of Zinganee and Gabriella.

☞ The 7th and 8th entries to this stake were originally made by other individuals,—the former by Mr. Thomas Pearsall, of Long Island, and the latter by Mr. William Bosley, of Maryland; since which time, they have become the property of Mr. Puckett, of Va., and Mr. Wilson, of Md., as entered, both of whom are responsible for each colt's engagement. As this change does not in any way affect the stake, it is presumed there will be no objection; if any, it will be the duty of him so objecting, to signify the same by letter, to the Proprietor of the Kendall Course, *forthwith.*

No. 5—SPRING, 1840.

A Sweepstakes with colts and fillies foaled Spring 1837, to be run Spring 1840. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Closed 1st June, 1838, with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Hector Bell & Henry C. Kendall name ro. c. by Drone, out of Mary Randolph.
2. George L. Stockett names full sister to Cippus.
3. James B. Kendall names ch. f. by Drone, out of Ecarte.
4. Edmund Townes names ch. c. by Emancipation, out of Volney's dam.
5. J. L. Baltzer names b. f. by Chateau Margaux, out of Virginia Fairfield's dam.
6. Col. Wm. R. Johnson names b, f. by Star, out of the dam of Trifle.
7. Charles Green names *Charles Henry*, by Henry, out of an imp. Filho da Puta mare.
8. Col. John Heth names the produce of Mazeppa's dam.
9. Gen. Thomas Emory names b. c. by Tranby, out of Betsy Wilson.
10. John D. Kirby names b. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Maria West.
11. W. D. Bowie names gr. c. by Imp. Apparition, out of Blue Belle.
12. W. H. E. Merritt names b. c. by Imp Felt, out of Clara Fisher.
13. Also, br. c. by Emilius, out of Trapes by Tramp, (imported).
14. John C. Rodgers names br. f. by Imp. Shakspeare, out of Polly Peacham.
15. Nathaniel T. Green names produce of Shark and Aggey Down.
16. Gen. Thos. Emory names W. C. Tilghman's f. by Imp Tranby, dam by Blakeford.
17. W. L White names produce of Imp. Margrave (out of Mischief,) and a Medley mare.
18. Wm. B. Mears names b. c. by Mons. Tonson, out of Eliza Walker by Eclipse.

No. 6—SPRING, 1839.

A Sweepstakes with 3 year olds, Spring meeting, 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100: Four or more to make a race. To name and close by 1st April, 1839.

No. 7—SPRING, 1839.

A Sweepstakes as above, with colts and fillies. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft. $75. Three or more to make a race. To name and close as above.

No. 8—SPRING, 1841.

A Sweepstakes with colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to be run Spring meeting, 1841. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Five or more to make a race. To name and close the 20th Nov. 1838.

No. 9—SPRING, 1842.

A Produce Sweepstakes with colts and fillies dropped Spring 1839, to be run Spring 1842. Mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Five or more to make a race. [Of the closing of this stake due notice will be given.

No. 8 and 9 at present have several subscribers.

☞ Gentlemen desirous of subscribing to the above stakes, will please address the Proprietor, at Baltimore. [J30-1t—Jy21-1t] JAMES B. KENDALL.

BEACON COURSE.

THE FOLLOWING SWEEPSTAKES will be run over the above course on Tuesday, 18th Sept. next.

Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $200 added by the Proprietors. Two mile heats in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

The FIRST FALL MEETING will commence on Wednesday, 26th Sept. [Jy14]

SWEEPSTAKES—TREE HILL, NEAR RICHMOND.

THE following Sweepstakes are to be run over the Tree Hill Course, near Richmond, Fall Meeting, 1838.

No. 1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats.

No. 2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, out of mares that never produced a winner; sub. $150, ft. $100. Two mile heats.

No. 3. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. Mile heats.

The above stakes will close on or before the 20th Aug. 1838.

No. 4. Sweepstakes for colts and fillies dropped Spring 1838, to run Spring 1841; sub. $500, ft. $200. To name and close 1st Jan. 1839.

No. 5. Sweepstakes of $100 each, h. ft., Mile heats, to which will be added a Gold Cup, value $500, given by the owners of Chateau Margaux, Tranby, Whale, & Co., for the produce of mares covered by either of their horses in the Spring of 1835, to be run Spring of 1839.

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Randolph Harrison, jun., names produce of I. C. and Imp. Tranby.
2. Also, produce of Molly Andrews and Tranby.
3. William Gall names produce of Sally Drake and Tranby.
4. J. W. Dibrell names produce of Imp. Isabella and Tranby.
5. William A. Cocke names produce of Amy and Tranby.
6. C. T. Totts names produce of his gr. m. (by Eclipse) and Tranby.
7. Wm. Burton names produce of the dam of Veto and Tranby.
8. Bierton & Robinson name produce of Silvertail and Tranby.
9. Samuel S. Myers names produce of Lady Barksdale and Tranby.
10. James Barbour names produce of Imp. Anna Maria and Tranby.
11. Dabney Goldthwaite names produce of gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
12. Wm. Wynn names produce of Flirtilla and Chateau Margaux.
13. Also, produce of Martha Ann and Tranby.
14. Williamson & Poindexter name produce of a Florizel mare and Tranby.
15. J. L. Deanes names produce of an Alfred mare and Tranby.
16. W. H. Minge names produce of the dam of May Day and Tranby.
17. J. B. Kendall names produce of Mary Randolph and Tranby.
18. Joshua Goode names produce of a Sir Charles mare and Tranby.
19. Edmund Townes names produce of the dam of Medriff, and Whale.
20. Wm. Townes names produce of a Sir Harry mare and Whale.
21. Samuel S. Loundes names the produce of a Potomac mare and Whale.
22. Ed. F. Wickham names produce of Julianna's dam and Tranby.
23. Thos. H. Lawson names produce of Phillis and Tranby.
24. William M. Chamberlayne names produce of Violet (by Herod) and Tranby.
25. J. M. Sheppard & R. C. Williamson name produce of Malcolm's dam and Tranby.
26. A. T. B. Merritt names produce of Clara Fisher and Chateau Margaux.
27. W. H. E. Merritt names produce of Caledonia and Chateau Margaux.
28. Also, produce of Sally Hope and Chateau Margaux.
29. W. S. Scott names produce of a Washington mare and Tranby.
30. Also, produce of a gr. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
31. E. O. Watkins names produce of a b. m. (by Sir Charles) and Tranby.
32. O. P. Hare names produce of a Sir Solomon mare and Chateau Margaux.
33. Daniel Dugger names produce of Polly Peacham and Imp. Fylde.
34. Also, produce of Jennie Deans and Fylde.
35. R. M. Rogator names produce of Lady Charles and Tranby.
36. W. F. Wickham names produce of a Virginian mare and Tranby.
37. Abner Crump names produce of Pomona and Chateau Margaux.
38. C. Thompson & Doswell name produce of Lady Rowland and Tranby.
39. Thos. Doswell & Burnley name produce of a Contention mare and Tranby.
40. Wm. J. Clare & Williamson name produce of a Herod mare and Tranby.
41. Lemuel Vaughan names produce of Lapanto's dam and Tranby.
42. Jefferson Minor names produce of a Red Rover mare and Tranby.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will write to the Proprietor before the time of closing. [The last stake, No. 5, is closed.]

[Jy14-4t] JOHN P. WHITE, *Proprietor.*

FOR SALE,

THE CLUB BOAT DISOWNED, 39 feet long, well found with oars, &c. She was built by Seaman, of Jersey City, and won the great $2000 race last season, beating the Gen. Washington, of Poughkeepsie. Price $350. Application to be made to Capt. C. Cole, South Ferry, N. Y. [J2]

ENVOY

WAS IMPORTED from England by the Hon. JUDGE WILKINS, late Minister from the United States to Russia. He is now 5 years old, of the richest bay color, without a white hair upon him, and is 16 hands and one inch high. He is now at the stable of Mr. LEWIS K. GRIGSBY, in Winchester, Clark County, Ky., where it is intended by his owners he will remain for the present, and where he will be introduced to a few mares only, and them of good pedigree. Mr. Grigsby has now in his possession a filly by Envoy, out of a Moses mare, owned by JAMES WILSON, foaled on the 14th April last, which, from present appearances, is not second to any in the United States.

Pedigree of Envoy.—Envoy was sired by Memnon, who was certainly the most distinguished horse of his day—he was by Whisker (brother to Whalebone, Woful, Wire, &c.) out of Manilla by Dick Andrews; her dam Mandane, by Pot-8-o's, out of Young Camilla, sister to Calibri, &c. The dam of Envoy is Zarina, by Morisco, by Muley; her dam, Ina by Smolensko—Morgiana by Coriander—Fairy by Highflyer—Fairy Queen by Young Cade—Routh's Black Eyes by Crab, &c. &c. JAMES WILSON, Proprietor.

Extract of a Letter from a highly respectable Gentleman in Kentucky, dated April 21, 1838:—

"MR. WILSON,—I went to see your imported horse *Envoy*, at Mr. Grigsby's—he was very fine, and appears, in all his parts, to be all he ought to be. I also saw the filly by Envoy, out of your old Moses mare: it was foaled on the 14th April, and is really very large and very fine. You speak highly of a colt you have, 11 months old, but I doubt very much if you have as fine a colt as this, and from its appearance, Envoy must breed well."

June, 1838. [J23-6t*]

TO ALL WHO KEEP HORSES.

JUST received, a large supply of WADE'S WORM and CONDITION POWDERS, fo horses, a medicine well known in England and France, where it has stood the test of experience, and certificates granted by the first veterinary surgeons, recommending all who keep horses particularly to use the powders at this season of the year, in order to promote the animals condition. These powders destroy the worms, loosens the hide, fines the coat, so as to do away the necessity of bleeding, renders the food more nutritive, prevents the animal taking cold after exposure to heat, and are at all times a great restorative after a hard day's work. They require no restraint in either labor or feeding, and require little trouble in giving, as it is simply throwing the fourth part of the powder into the horse's feed a night.

Agent for New York, J. H. HART, corner of Broadway and Chambers-street, and J. G. Howard, corner of Hicks and Fulton-streets, Brooklyn. [At26]

TO ANGLERS.

JOHN CONROY, 52 FULTON-STREET, has just received from England an excellen assortment of Silk and Hair Lines; Patent Silk Lines of various colors; Multiplying Reels, Trout Flies, Trout and Pike Trolling Tackle, Cork and Quill Floats, Fly Books, Tackle Cases, Limerick and Kirby Hooks, &c. &c. &c.

Fly Fishers are invited to call and examine a beautiful article of American FLY RODS, of my own manufacture.

Trolling, Perch, and Bass Rods, always on hand, or made to order.

Conroy's improved Bass Reels for casting. Conroy's Reels, with, or without Balance Cranks. Brass Folding Net Rings, with jointed handles, and also the ordinary Rings made by myself. Shrimp and Crab Nets, Fish Cars, &c. &c. &c.

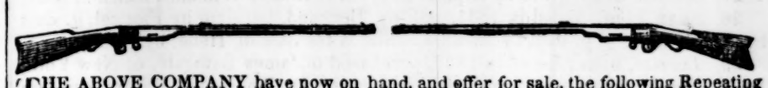
A good assortment of TACKLE always on hand, and any article in the line made to order at 52 Fulton-street, N. Y. [m31] J. CONROY.

PATENT ARMS MANUFACTURING Co.

Nº. 155

BROADWAY NEW-YORK,

COLT'S PATENT.



THE ABOVE COMPANY have now on hand, and offer for sale, the following Repeating Arms:—

RIFLES, for eight charges—with equipments complete.
PISTOLS of different sizes, for five charges—do. do.

The Equipments consist of Charger, Extra Receiver, Bullet Mould, Cap-Primer, Cleaning Rod, Lever, Belt, &c., all of which are put up in mahogany cases.

Cap Primers for Sporting Guns, of new and perfect construction.

☞ *Dealers* supplied on the most liberal terms.

Orders will receive immediate attention, if directed to the subscriber,

[J23] C. B. ZABRISKIE, Sale Agent, 155 Broadway, N. Y.

THE KNICKERBOCKER HOTEL, PARK ROW.

THIS Establishment, now under the superintendence of A. S. ALLEN, formerly of Boston, offers greater advantages to Travellers, and Transient and Permanent Boarders, than any other Hotel in New York, not only as regards its superior accommodations, but also the great economy of its charges.

Situated in the most centrel part of the city, overlooking the Park, and in the very midst of every thing that is attractive as regards amusements, and every thing that is useful as regards business, the Knickerbocker cannot fail of being not only an eligible, but a desirable location for Travellers, and all others who wish to unite comfort with economy.

Attached to the Hotel are rooms for Military and Public uses, Private Rooms, Billiard Rooms, Bowling Allies, &c. [Jy14-4t]

THEATRICAL.

PLAYS, OPERAS, and FARCES, No. 52 Chatham-st, New York.—TURNER & FISHER import direct from London every Play, immediately on being issued from the press, with the utmost possible regularity and despatch, and keep always on hand the largest assortment of theatrical works in the country.

Managers of Theatres, Ladies and Gentlemen of the profession, Clubs, Amateurs, &c. will find it to their interest to call before seeking elsewhere, as the advertisers assure them that nothing in the play way can be purchased, but which will be found at their establishment, and which will be disposed of on the most accommodating terms.

Now publishing in numbers, "Turner's Dramatic Library of Acting Plays," embracing the most popular pieces of the present day.

Cumberland's British and Minor Drama, Duncomb's British Theatre; Miller's Modern Acting Drama; Strange's edition of Buckstone's Dramas, and Bayly's Farces—complete sets always on sale.

Wholesale orders attended to with promptness.

New plays done up in strong wrappers, and sent by mail to any part of the Union. [d17

CHEAP MUSIC.

ATWILL'S MUSIC SALOON, 201 BROADWAY, New-York,—where may always be obtained a large and valuable assortment of music, musical instruments, and musical merchandise of every variety, and of the first quality.

New and fashionable music, also standard publications of old and valuable music, gamuts, and instruction books, church music, and music for the flute, &c.

Music bound in superior style, with spring backs.

The subscriber respectfully informs the public, that having made arrangements with the manufacturer, he will be constantly supplied with PIANO FORTES of every description, which, for superiority of touch, richness of tone, and elegance of workmanship, are not surpassed by any in the country.

Great attention will be given to orders for Piano Forte tunings, both as regards the manner of tuning, and the punctuality of executing orders.

The stock of music merchandise is very extensive, embracing every article appertaining to music, both of European and American manufacture. [m5]

RACES AND MATCHES TO COME.

AUGUSTA, Ga. - - - - - Lafayette Course, Jockey Club Fall meeting, Tuesday, 11th Dec.
" " Match, $10 000 a-side, 2 miles, *Target* vs. *Volney* Fall meeting.
CAMDEN, N. J. - - - - Match, $5000 a-side, 2 m. h., *Langford* vs. *Willis*, Fall meeting.
CINCINNATI, Ohio. - - First Jockey Club Fall meeting, last Tuesday, 25th Sept.
CULPEPER C. H., Va. - Jockey Club Fall meeting 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept.
FORT SMITH, Arks. - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, 24th Oct.
GREENSBORO', Ala. - - Henry Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 5th Tuesday, 30th Oct.
JEFFERSON Co., Miss. Jefferson Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Wednesday, 21st Nov.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. - - - Oakland Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st or 2d Tuesday in Oct.
LYNCHBURG, Va. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Sept.
MARION, Mo. - - - - - Sweepstakes, (continuing three days), 1st Wednesday, 3d Oct.
MOBILE, Ala. - - - - - Bascombe Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 4th Tuesday, 27th Nov.
MILLEDGEVILLE, Ga. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Tuesday, 13th Nov.
MONTREAL, L. C. - - - St. Pierre Course, 5th Tuesday, 28th Aug.
MOUNT STERLING, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 13th Sept.
NEW IBERIA, La. - - - Quarter race, $1000 a-side, *Brilliant* vs. *Brooks*, 13th Oct.
NEW ORLEANS, La. - - Metaric Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 2d Wednesday, 12th Dec.
" " " Eclipse Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 4th Dec.
NEW YORK CITY. - - Beacon Course, *Athletic Exercises* 1st Wednesday, 5th Sept.
" " " " " *Trotting Sweepstakes*, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
" " " " " " First Fall meeting, 4th Wednesday, Sept. 26
NOTTOWAY, Va. - - - - Bellefonte Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
OLYMPIAN SPRINGS, Ky. Jockey Club Fall meeting, 4th Thursday, 27th Sept.
OPELOUSAS, La. - - - - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 2d Thursday, 8th Nov.
QUEBEC, L. C. - - - - Annual Autumn Meeting, 1st Monday, 3d Sept.
ST. MATTHEWS, S. C. - Jockey Club Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in January next.
SOUTHAMPTON, Va. - - Cross Keys Course, J. C. Fall meeting, 3d Tuesday, 18th Sept.
TRENTON, N. J. - - - - Eagle Course, Fall meeting, the week after Camden, N. J.
TALLAHASSEE, Flo. - - Marion Course, J. C. Annual meeting, 2d Wednesday in Jan.
WASHINGTON CITY. - Jockey Club Fall meeting, 1st Tuesday, 2d Oct.

☞ Under this head, Secretaries of Clubs and Clerks of Courses throughout the country May have the dates of their respective meetings inserted, free of expence, in the N. YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES. For a great number of RACING, TROTTING, PEDESTRIAN, AQUATIC SHOOTING, and other MATCHES and CHALLENGES, at home and abroad, see previous numbers

BLOOD STOCK OF LEWIS SHERLEY, ESQ.,

of Jefferson Co., Kentucky.

1. *Barefoot*, Imp. ch., 15 hands 3 inches, very heavy and muscular; was by Tramp, out of Rosamond, by Buzzard; her dam Roseberry, by Phenomenon, her dam by Matchem—Regulus—Crab—Childers—Pasto; Tramp was got by Dick Andrews, out of a Gohanna mare, her dam by Trentham—Woodpecker—Everlasting, by Eclipse; Dick Andrews was got by Joe Andrews, out of a Highflyer mare, her dam by Cardinal Puff—Tatler—Snip—Godolphin Arabian; Joe Andrews was by Eclipse, out of Amaranda, out of Omnium, her dam by Blank—Crab—Partner; Buzzard was got by Woodpecker, he by King Herod, he by Tartar, his dam Misfortune, by Dux, grandam Curiosity, by Snap, g. g. dam by Regulus, g. g. g. dam by Bartlett's Childers, g. g. g. g. dam by Honeywood's Arabian, &c.

2. *Alexander*, gr. h., 16 hands high, gay and active, was got by old Pacolet, his dam Jenny Riband, by Doublehead, he by Imp. Diomed, grandam by Dr. Barrey's Medley, he by Imp. Medley, g. g. dam by old Mark Anthony, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Fearnaught, &c. One half of him was sold to Dr. John D. Winston for $1500.

3. *Constitution*, Bertrand, b. h., 16 hands, of fine form, got by old Bertrand, his dam old Fancy, by the Duke of Bedford, he by Imp, Bedford, g. dam by old Columbus, he by Imp. Pantaloon, g. g. dam was by the Duke of Norfolk, he by Imp. Badger. Sold one half of him to Ohio for $1000.

4. *Nancy Stratton*, b. m., out of same, foaled in 1830, by Powhattan, he by old Pacolet, his dam by old Powhattan, he by Imp. Diomed, out of a mare by Imp. Starke; Powhattan's g. dam was by old Sailor, out of an Imp. mare, &c.

5. Her produce, ch. c. *Editor*, foaled in 1836, by Waxy; stinted to Giles Scroggins, foaled in 1836.

6. *Sally Wade*, b. m., foaled in 1832, out of old Fancy, got by Mark-time, he by the Bagdad Arabian, out of G. Harding's old Sophia, she by the Imp. Spread Eagle, g. dam by Quicksilver, he by Imp. Medley, &c., bred to Alexander in 1837.

7. *Mary Barney*, s. m., foaled in 1828, got by old Bertrand, her dam by old Pacolet, g. dam by the Imp. Cœur de Lion, g. g. dam by Imp. Diomed, &c.

8. Her produce, b. c. *Worthy*, by Waxy, foaled in 1834.

9. *Cato*, b c., foaled in 1835, by Orphan Boy, he by Eclipse. She was sold to Alex. Churchill, produced him a s. c. by Orphan Boy in 1836.

10. *Princess*, gr. m., raised by John Gowan, of Tenn., got by old Pacolet, her dam by Bardolph's Diomed, he by Imp. Diomed, his dam by Imp. Clockfast, g. dam by Partner, g. g. dam by Imp. Regulus, out of an Imp. mare; her g. dam was by old Wildair, g. g. dam Midge, by old Fearnaught, &c. She is the dam of Proserpine, and a full sister by Tennessee Oscar, and a filly by the Arabian Bagdad. Her produce since my property.

11. *Rebecca Wallace*, gr. m., by Bertrand, foaled in 1830.

12. *Senator*, gr. h., foaled in Aug. 1831, got by Bertrand, out of Princess, by Pacolet, large and gay, gave way in his left fore leg in training in 1836. Sold one half of him to Dr. John Winston for $1500.

13. *Lady Green*, gr f., by Waxey, foaled in 1833.

14. *Angelo*, gr. f., by Orphan Boy, foaled in August 1834. In 1835 she was bred to Luzborough, and sold to L. P. Cheatham, in 1836 produced a filly by Luzborough.

15. A b. c., foaled in 1836, by Imp. Luzborough, out of Rebecca Wallace.

16. *Malvina*, s. m, raised by Parson Dobs, of Charlotte Co., Va., and purchased by me of W. Harding, of Tenn.; she was got by old Sir Archy, her dam by old Madison, he by Imp. Diomed, g. dam by Imp. St. Paul, her g. g. dam also by Imp. Diomed, g. g. g. dam by Imp. Bedford, g. g. g. g. dam by old Sailor, he by Imp. Janus, &c.

17. Her produce. *Betsey Williams*, gr. m., foaled in 1830, got by Sir Richard Tonson.

18. *Ann Barry*, gr. f. foaled in 1831, by Alexander, sold to Ohio.

19. *Polly Wilkerson*, ch. f., foaled in 1833, by Waxey.

20. *Charter*, ch. c., foaled in 1834, full brother to Betsey Williams, by Sir Richard Tonson.

21. *Easter Cooper*, b. f., by Orphan Boy, foaled in 1835, missed to Imp. Merman in 1836.

22. *Mary Birch*, ch. f., by Imp. Barefoot, foaled Jan. 26, 1838.

23. *Nelly Mitchell*, b. m., foaled in 1827, purchased of Dr. John Vaughan, was got by Napoleon, he by old Sir Archy, her dam by Top Gallant, he by Gallatin, by Imp. Bedford, her g. dam by Imp. Whip, g. g. dam by old Wildair, he by Imp. Fearnaught, &c. Her produce:—

24 *Orlando*, b. c., by Waxey, foaled in 1836, missed to Orphan Boy; sold to Dr. R. Poynard, and stinted to Imp. Barefoot in 1837.

25. *Bravo*, gr. c., by Waxey, foaled in 1833, his dam by Imp. Buzzard, g. dam Peter Ormsby's Imp. mare. He is a beautiful animal—won all his races at 3 yrs. old, gave way in his leg in the Fall of 1837, at a time when his prospects were very flattering.

26. *Simon Pure*, b. c., by Waxey, foaled in 1833, fine size and handsome, dam by Imp. Bluster, out of a fine mare raised by Gen. Jackson; her pedigree I have not obtained. He was slightly injured in his hind leg, had a short training, and found to be remarkably fast.

27. *Martha Gray*, gr. f., by Orphan Boy, out of Betsey Williams, foaled in 1837.

28. *Juno*, b. m., foaled in 1831, got by Bertrand, her dam by Florizel, g. dam by Robin Gray, g. g. dam by Plenipo. She is the dam of Hebe, by Collier.

29. *Lucetta*, b. m., foaled in 1827, purchased of James Bathgate, of New York, by M. Beach; she is very large and gay, got by Dr. Thornton's Rattler, her dam by Imp. Tallyho, grandam by Imp. Messenger, g. g. dam by Imp. Figure, g. g. g. dam by Delancy's Jim Crack, g. g. g. g. dam the Phares mare.

30. *Vanity*, a g. m. foaled in 1831. Large and fine, was got by Cumberland, he by old Pacolet, his dam by Imp. Dragon, g. d. by Young Medley, he by Bellair, he by Imp. Medley, g. g. d. by Twigg, he by Imp. Janus, her dam by Imp. Bluster, g. d. by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. d. by Young Claudius, his dam by Imported Fearnought, he by Old Claudius, and he by Imp. Janus out of the celebrated mare Brandon, she by Imp. Whittington, g. g. d. by Imp. Jolly Roger, &c. For Claudius and Brandon, see American Stud Book, page 1061-2.

31. *Grimalkin*, a b. h. 16 hands high, very handsome, foaled in 1828, was got by Pirate, he by Imp. Chance, his dam by Imp. Wonder, g. d. by Imp. Bedford—Celar, &c. Grimalkin's dam was got by old Tiger, he by Blackburn's Whip, he by Imp. Whip; Tiger's dam was by old Paragon, his g. d. by Imp. Figure, his g. g. d. old Slamerkin, by Imp. Wildair, his g. g. g. d. was the famous Cub mare. Grimalkin's g. d. was got by old Hamiltonian, [Tayloe's,] he by Imp. Diomed, his dam by Imp. Shark, his g. d. by Gen. Spotswood's Apollo, his g. g. d. the Imp. mare Jenny Cameron, (A. T. Reg. vol. 6, p. 111,) his g. g. g. d. by Gray Alfred, and he by Lindsey's Arabian; Paragon's dam by Imp. Flimnap, his dam, Camilla, by Col. Burwell's Traveller, out of his famous old Camilla, she by Imp. Fearnought, out of the Imp. mare Calista; she by Forester—Old Crab—Hobgoblin, out of Bajazet's dam, (see T. Reg. vol. 4, page 548.) Imp. Figure was by Standard, out of an Arabian mare. Imp. Wildair was by Cade, out of the Steady mare; her dam by Partner—Greyhound—Mackless—Counsellor—Brimmer—Place's White Turk; Wildair and the Cub mare were imported by Delancy of New York—but from the extraordinary performances of Wildair's colts, he was purchased and re-shipped to England.

32. *Giles Scroggins*, a b. h. 16 hands high, very muscular and gay, he was got by old Sir Archy, his dam Lady Bedford, she by Imp. Bedford, g. d. by Imported Daredevil, g. g. d. by Old Wildair, &c. The one of half of this horse is owned by me, and the other half by Jilson Yates & Co. For his full pedigree and performances, see A. T. Reg. vol. 1, page 53 and 367.

FOX-HUNTING GOOD FOR THE GROWTH OF WHEAT.—At the last Anniversary Meeting of the Rutland Agricultural Association, R. W. Baker, Esq. of Cottesmore, spoke as follows:—"I am convinced there remains much to be done in agriculture, especially in the sowing of wheat. In the allotments it has been customary to sow it in deep trenched ground that has been exposed to the air during winter, and thus five, six, and often seven quarters, have been produced on an acre. I will detail to you one experiment which I made last year in deep ploughing. I felt at first inclined to try the press, but some said try the drill, some the broad-cast, and at last I selected the drill, and had the seed trodden in by my Lord Lonsdale's horses when they were at exercise, and afterwards had a flock of 400 or 500 sheep driven over it. The produce of this land averaged seven quarters one peck an acre throughout twenty-two acres, and from two bushels and one peck of seed per acre sown. The sample exhibited to-day was from the produce (hear), and I wish you would all try the experiment of treading in the wheat, or or fixing it firmly in the ground, which I am sure will lead to a similar result." Sir John Trollope, Bart., Chairman, in proposing "Lord Lonsdale and Fox-hunting," expressed his pleasure at hearing from Mr. Baker that the trampling of horses over land was good for the growth of wheat. He trusted, then, to hear no more complaints from the farmer; but that the next time they saw them riding over their lands they would exclaim, "There goes another quarter an acre!"

NATIONAL J. C. FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races of 1838, over the Washington City Course, will commence on the first Tuesday, 2d Oct. next.

SWEEPSTAKES.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $500, ft. $200. Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now 3 subs.
Capt. John Heth.
Mr. Gettings names b. g. by Imp. Luzborough, out of Betsey Robinson.
E. J. Wilson.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Two mile heats. To name and close 15th Aug. Four or more to make a race. Now one sub.
E. J. Wilson.

3. Sweepstakes for 2 year old colts and fillies owned or bred in Maryland or District of Columbia; sub. $75, ft. $25. One mile. To name and close 1st Sept. next. Four or more to make a race.

Gentlemen wishing to subscribe to the above stakes will please address the Proprietor at Portsmouth, Va Any subscriber naming to the above stakes has a right to change his entry on the day of closing each stake.

☞ Of the PURSES, &c., due notice will be given.

[Jy21] E. J. WILSON, Proprietor, Portsmouth, Va.

CINCINNATI JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE First Meeting of the Cincinnati Jockey Club will commence on the 4th Tuesday, 25th Sept. next.

First day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $250 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. To name and close 1st Sept.

Same day—The *Ohio Breeders' Plate*, a Splendid Silver Pitcher, value $100, ent. free, for any thing bred in Ohio.

Second day—Proprietor's Plate, value $500. Two mile heats.

Third day—Jockey Club Purse $750, ent. $75; if three or more start the 2d best to be entitled to $150; if not three, the winner to get $600. Three mile heats.

Fourth day—Jockey Club Purse $1200, the 2d best, if 3 or more start, to be entitled to $200; if not 3, the winner to get $1000. Four mile heats.

Fifth day—Jockey Club Purse $300. Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

GEO. M. LONG, GEO. N. SANDERS, } *Proprietors.*

Cincinnati, July 7, 1838.—[Jy21-4t]

SWEEPSTAKES.

THE following Sweepstakes are now open, to be run over the Norfolk and Portsmouth Course, Fall meeting of 1838. The time of holding the meeting will be fixed so as not to conflict with the Petersburg, Richmond, or Broad Rock meetings.

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $300, ft. $100; Two mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $150, ft. $100; Mile heats. Four or more to make a race.

The above stakes will close on the 1st Sept. next. Nominations to be addressed to the Proprietor, at Portsmouth, Va. [Jy21] E. J. WILSON, *Proprietor.*

PUBLIC SALE OF BLOOD STOCK.

I OFFER for sale, at public auction, on a credit of two years, the following *Stud of Horses*, together with a number of others, if not previously disposed of, on Thursday, the 23d day of August, 1838, at Tree Hill, my residence, in Woodford County, Kentucky, to the highest bidder, the purchaser to give bond with approved security. Gentlemen of the Turf, and those who wish to obtain valuable Blood Stock, on the most accommodating terms, will do well to attend the sale. There has rarely, in the United States, been offered to the public such a chance to select Blood Stock from. Some of the most distinguished racers of their day in Kentucky, have sprung from those mares: Almanzor, The Duke of Orleans, Childers, Elborak, Streamlet, Maria Duke, Medoca, and others.

I will, also, offer for sale at the same time and place, and on the same terms, several *Blooded Cows* and *Heifers*, that are with calf by Frederick.

No. 1. *Arminda*, b. m., foaled 1823; by Doublehead, dam by Imp. Buzzard; grandam by Columbus, g. g. dam by Simms' Wildair, g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony—Partner—Morton's Traveller—Jolly Roger, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1835. March 22, b. f. Medoca, by Medoc.
1836. March 17, ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. April 2, ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. April 1, ch. c. by Medoc.
Stinted again to Medoc.

No. 2. *Brown Lock*, b. m., foaled 1826; got by Tiger, dam by Imp. Speculator, grandam by Imp. Dare Devil. She was bred by Col. Holmes, of Virginia, and out of a thorough bred mare.

HER PRODUCE.

1838. March 14—ch. c by Medoc, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 3. *Lady Rowland*, ch. m., foaled 1822; by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, dam by Little Quicksilver, grandam by Old Union, g. g. dam May Fly, by Tippoo Saib, g. g. g. dam Malinda, by Liberty—Cripple—Janus, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1832. May 29—ch. f. by Dungannon.
1835. March 3—ch. c. by Medoc.
1836. March 16—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. June 16—gr. c. by Abdalrahman.
1838. July 4—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 4. *Martha Darneale*, b. m., foaled 9th May, 1830; by Sumpter, dam by Doublehead, grandam by Imp. Buzzard, g. g. dam by Columbus, g. g. g. dam by Simms' Wildair, g. g. g. g. dam by Mark Anthony—Partner—Murton's Traveller—Jolly Roger, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May—ch. c. by Medoc.
1838. April 13—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 5. Ch. m., foaled 1823; by Doublehead, dam by Imp. Dion, grandam by Claudius, g. g. dam by Imp. Janus.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. March 27—s f. by Medoc.
1837. April 27—s. f. by Medoc.
1838. April 18—s f. by Medoc.

No. 6. *Grasshopper*, ch. m., foaled 1823; full sister to Almanzor; got by Sumpter, dam by Imp. Archie, grandam Robt. Alexander's Old Dare Devil mare, who was bred by Col. Holmes, of Virginia, out of a thorough bred mare.

HER PRODUCE.

1834. April 17—ch. c. by Kosciusko.
1835. June 1—ch. c. by Medoc.
1836. May 14—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. March 29—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 7. *Lamplightress*, ch. m., foaled 1825; by Davis' Hamiltonian, he by Tayloe's Hamiltonian; dam by Duke of Bedford, grandam by Lamplighter, who was by Imp. Medley.

HER PRODUCE.

1835. May 16—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. April 12—ch. f. by Medoc.

No. 8. *Peggy Stewart*, b. m., foaled 1824, by Blackburn's Whip, out of Old Mary Bedford by Duke of Bedford, grandam by Imp. Speculator, g. g. dam by Col. Holmes' imported horse Dare Devil.

HER PRODUCE.

1832. March 10—b. m. Herodias, by Kosciusko, now in foal to Medoc.
1834. April 7—b. m. Little Peggy, by Abdalrahman.
1836. March 3—ch. f. by Medoc.
1837. May 23—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. May 9—b. f. by Bertrand, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 9. *Vanity*, b. m., foaled 1826; by Imp. Bluster, dam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, grandam by Grey Alfred, and he by the Lindsey Arabian; g. g. dam by Active—Fearnought, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May 12—b. f. by Medoc.
1838. March 16—ch. f. by Medoc, and stinted again to Medoc.

No. 10. *Susan*, gr. m., foaled 1831; by Cumberland, (who was by Old Pacolet, out of a well bred mare,) out of Vanity by Imp. Bluster, grandam by Tayloe's Hamiltonian, g. g. dam by Grey Alfred, g. g. g. dam by Active—Fearnought, &c.

HER PRODUCE.

1836. May 13—ch. f by Medoc.
1837. May 10—ch. f. by Medoc.
1838. May 1—b. f. by Sidi Hamet, and again stinted to Medoc.

[Jy21-2t] WILLIAM BUFORD.

MOBILE JOCKEY CLUB RACES.

THE FALL MEETING of 1838 will commence, over the Bascombe Course, on Tuesday, the 27th November, and continue five days.

First Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds Spring of 1838, sub $250, ft. $100, Dash of one mile; to name and close 1st Aug.; 4 or more to make a race.

Messrs. Nott & Fearn. | Col. Vance Johnston.
Col. Jas. S. Garrison. | Mr. David Stephenson.

Second Day—J. C. Purse, Two mile heats..... $500
Third Day—J. C. Purse. Three mile heats..... 700
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse, Four mile heats..... 1000 } Free for all ages.
Fifth Day—J. C. Purse, Mile heats, best 3 in 5..... 300

Sables and litter furnished gratis by the Proprietor. Five per cent. entrance to the Purses—free for all horses complying with the Rules of the Club.

F. K. WEST, *Sec'y.*

P. S. Entries to the Sweepstakes must be made in writing, addressed to the Secretary.

[ap121] F. K. W.

CARROLLTON (Ky.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Meeting of 1838 will commence, over the Carrollton Course, on Monday, Sept. 3d, and continue five days.

First Day—Match. $100 a-side, h. ft., One mile, between Mr. Carracoe's ch. h. *Charley* and Mr. Seymour's *Ellen Ross.*

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $25 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with 4 subs.

H. Vaughan names ch. c. Tom Smith, by Lance, dam by Botts' Lafayette.
E. S. Revill names b. f. Oxidento, by Bertrand, out of Diamond by Florizel.
G. E. Blackburn names Amanda Zureman, by Medoc, dam by Sir Archy.
Thos. Moore names b. c. by Sir Charles, dam by Camsil.

Third Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds; sub. $30 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Four subs. and closed

H. Vaughan names ch. f. by Lance, dam by Sir Archy.
G. E. Blackburn names gr. f. Arilla, by Lance, dam by Bertrand.
Thos. Moore names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun by Kassina.
Stephen T. Drane names bl. f. by Mark Anthony, dam by Botts' Lafayette.

Same Day—J C Purse $——, Mile heats.
Fourth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Two mile heats.
Fifth Day—J. C Purse $——, Mile heats, best 3 in 5. } Free for all ages.
Sixth Day—J. C. Purse $——, Three mile heats.

The amount of the Purses is not yet ascertained, but will be liberal.

[Jy7-9t] HIRAM SENOURS, *Secretary.*

SETTER FOR SALE.

A VERY HANDSOMS SETTER, 3 years old, liver color and white, may be had cheap on application to This Office. He is staunch, under perfect command, and for Woodcock is not excelled by any setter in the country. [Jy7-3t]

STALLION FOR SALE OR HIRE.

TALMA, own brother to *Alice Grey*, by Henry, out of Sportsmistress by Hickory, will be sold low, or farmed out during the ensuing season. He is a grey, about 16 hands high, and perfectly sound. Apply (if by letter post paid) to the Editor of this paper. [m17.]

LOUISVILLE (Ky.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence over the Oakland Course, either on the First or Second Tuesday in October next. Due notice will be given, however. During the meeting, the following Sweepstakes will come off:—

1. Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $500 each, $100 ft., Two mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. Geo. Sanders names b. c. Accident, by Bertrand, out of Diamond.
2. J. R. Ward names b. f. by Bertrand, out of Black-eyed Susan.
3. Willa Viley names b. c. by Bertrand, out of Maria.
4. M. W. Dickey names b. c. by Sir Archy Jr., out of Maria Howe.
5. J. K. Duke names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Cherry Elliott.
6. Wm. Buford names ch. f. by Medoc, out of Peggy Stewart.
7. R. B. Tarlton names gr. c. by Woodpecker, out of Ophelia.
8. J. Bradley names f. Lady Slipper, by Dungannon, out of Jenny Jenkins.
9. Oakland Association names f. Maid of Oakland, by Oakland, out of Kitty White.
10. S. Burbridge names R. B. Tarlton's c. by Singleton, out of Fan.
11. Geo. W. Tarlton names c. Sir Charles, by Collier, dam by Doublehead.
12. L. Sanders, Jr., names ch c. Acoranont, by Collier, out of Old Crop.
13. S. Davenport names ch. f. by Frank, dam by Kosciusko.
14. J. Shy names c. Darby Allen, by Collier, out of Lady Jackson.
15. J. W. Fenwick names ch. f. Lady Bertrand, by Bertrand.

2. Sweepstakes for 3 year old fillies, sub. $100 each, h. ft. Mile heats. Closed with the following

SUBSCRIBERS.

1. F. Kerr names b. f. Josephine, by Waxy, dam by Cumberland.
2. Geo. N. Sanders names b. f. Countess Bertrand, by Bertrand, out of Budget of Fun.
3. M. R. Tarlton names Robt. Mosby's b. f. by Woodpecker, dam by Whip.
4. G. S. Jones not named.
5. M. Thompson names b. f. by Columbus, out of Rickety by Sir Archy.
6. S. Burbridge names ch. f Eliza Henry, by Contract, out of Kitty Whip.
7. J. W. Fenwick names Willina Herndon, by Woodpecker, dam by Whipster.
8. Thos. G. Moore names br. f. Fanny Lightfoot, by Lafayette Stockholder, out of Beautiful by Sumpter.

3. A Stallion Stake for 3 year olds; sub. $200 each, h. ft. Two mile heats. Four subs. and closed.

William Buford, Jr., names the get of Medoc.
M. R. Tarlton " " Woodpecker.
T. G. Moore " " Sparrowhawk.
Y. N. Oliver " " Waxy.

4. A Post Stake for 1838, 1839, and 1840, for 3 year olds; sub. $100 each, h. ft. The Association to give a Silver Plate, value $500. The 2d best horse to receive $100 of the Stake. Two mile heats. Eighteen subs. and closed.

1. G. N. Sanders	10. R. Pindell
2. G. N. Sanders	11. Wm. Buford, Jr.
3. S. Burbridge	12. M. W. Dickey
4. S. Burbridge	13. J. K. Duke
5. Mason Thompson	14. Robt. Burbridge
6. Benjamin Luckett	15. J. W. Fenwick
7. M. R. Tarlton	16. J. R. Grigsby
8. F. R. Robinson	17. Thos. G. Moore
9. Jas. L. Brady	18. Wm. Wynn.

5. Sweepstakes for 2 year olds; sub. $100, h. ft. One mile. To name and close 4th July 1838. Now 4 subs.

Geo. R. Blackburn | Wm. Buford, Jr. | E. M. Waggener | M. W. Dickey.

PURSES.

For Four mile heats, Jockey Club Purse - $1200
Three mile heats, Proprietor's " - 700
Two mile heats, Oakland Plate, value - 500

Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

☞ THE NEW ORLEANS JOCKEY CLUB RACES, over the Eclipse Course, will commence the first Tuesday in December next. Y. N. OLIVER, *Proprietor.*

Louisville, June 25, 1838. [J'7]

CULPEPER C. H. (Va.) FALL RACES,

WILL commence on the Fourth Tuesday, 25th day of September next, and continue five days.

First Day—Match, $1000 a-side, 160lbs. on each., Three mile heats, between John P. White's gr. g. *Dandy*, by Medley, dam by Sir Charles, aged.
James Hansbrough's b.h. *Klapper*, by Mason's Rattler, dam by Walnut.

Second Day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft., Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, sub. $100, h. ft. Two mile heats; 3 or more to make a race.

The above stakes are to close on the 15th of August next. A sufficient number of entries have already been made to insure a race. Any entry named before the 15th Aug. can be changed up to that day.

Third Day—J. C. Purse $300, ent. $20.

Fourth Day—Proprietor's Purse $150, ent. $10, Two mile heats.

Same day—Handicap Sweepstakes, for all ages; sub. $25 each. One mile. To close the evening preceding the race.

Fifth Day—Purse ——, with the gate money of the day added; ent. $20 or $30; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Same day—Sweepstakes for 3 year olds raised in Culpeper, or some adjoining county, or next to an adjoining county; sub. 50 bushels of wheat, to be delivered in some country mill in one of the counties in which colts may be entered, ft. $25. If the winner should prefer it, the proprietor will give him at the races $1 per bushel for the wheat of any responsible miller put up as the entrance.

[J7-t22s.] WILLIAM DUVAL, *Proprietor.*

SWEEPSTAKES—FAIRFIELD, Va.

A SWEEPSTAKES for 3 year olds, Spring meeting of 1839, out of mares that never won a race nor produced a winner. Mile heats. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839. Now several subs. and promises well, as there is a large number of mares of that class. Intended entirely for *honest countrymen*, who are *kept out of play* generally, by the *high trump.*

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st March, 1839.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Spring of 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To name and close as above. Now 3 subs.

A Produce Stake for foals to be dropped in 1839. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close as above.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1837. Mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. To name and close 1st July, 1838. Now 3 subs.

Also,—A Post Stake for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $200, P. P.

And a Sweepstakes for 2 year olds, same time. One mile. Sub. $100, h. ft. Now two subs.

A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds, Fall meeting of 1838. Two mile heats. Sub. $300, ft. $100. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. Now two subs. and promises well

Same time—A Sweepstakes for 3 year olds that never won a race. Mile heats. Sub. $200, ft $150. Four or more to make a race. To close 1st Sept. 1838.

A Sweepstakes for foals dropped in 1838, out of mares that never produced a winner, to be run 4th day of Spring meeting, 1841. Sub. $150, ft. $100. To close 1st Sept. 1838. Now several subs.

A Post Stake for 4 year olds, (native and imported stock, and crosses,) to be run 1st day of Spring meeting, 1839. Three mile heats. Sub. $500, ft. $200. Four or more to make a race To close 1st March, 1839. [J30-tf.] JOHN S. CORBIN, *Proprietor.*

LAFAYETTE COURSE—AUGUSTA, Ga.

THE Annual Jockey Club Fall Meeting on this Course, will commence on Tuesday, the 11th of December next, and continue four days. The following liberal purses will be given:—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse - - - - - - $400
Wednesday—Three mile heats, Purse - - - - - 700
Thursday—Four mile heats, Purse - - - - - 1500
Friday—Mile heats, best 3 in 5, Purse - - - - - 400

The purses are subject to a deduction of 15 per cent, (as carried by a resolution of the Club,) to defray the expenses of a Jockey Club Ball. There will be no division of Purses as at the last meeting.

Augusta, June 22, 1838. JAMES LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors.*

Spring Meeting, 1839.

THE Annual Spring Meeting of the Jockey Club for 1839, on the Lafayette Course, will commence on Tuesday, 2d week of March. The following purses will be given:—

Tuesday—Two mile heats, Purse - - - - - - $400
Wednesday—Three mile heats - - - - - - - 600
Thursday—Four mile heats - - - - - - - 1000
Friday—Mile heats, best 3 in 5. - - - - - - - 400

No deduction for the Jockey Club Ball at this meeting.

[J30-4t] JAS. LAMKIN & Co., *Proprietors.*

TROTTING SWEEPSTAKES—BEACON COURSE.

BY the solicitation of a number of Gentlemen, tho Proprietors are induced to offer the following Sweepstakes, to come off the first part of September, on the Beacon Course, Hoboken, N. J.

1st. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h. ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

2. Sweepstakes, free for all trotting horses; sub. $500 each, h ft., with $300 added by the Proprietors. Three mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

3. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never won a purse over $100; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

4. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, under the Saddle. Three or more to make a race.

5. Sweepstakes, free for trotting horses that never trotted for money; sub. $200 each, h. ft., with $100 added. Two mile heats, in Harness. Three or more to make a race.

☞ Entrance to be made at Randel Smith's Hotel, No 31 Park Row, on or before the 1st of August, by 9 o'clock in the evening, when the entries will be opened.

If only one horse starts, he shall not be entitled to the money added.

For each Sweepstake the track must be in good order, or postponed until it is. The Judges must decide.

New York, June 30, 1838. [J30-tf.] A. L. BOTTS, *Sec'y.*

St. LOUIS (Mo.) FALL RACES.

THE Fall Races over the St. Louis Course, will commence on Monday, 8th Oct., and continue six days.

First day—Purse $50, with the entrance money ($25 each) added. Mile heats. No distance.

Second day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats.
Third day—Purse $200, ent. $20; Two mile heats.
Fourth day—Purse $300, ent. $30; Three mile heats. } Free for any horse, mare, or gelding in the U. S.
Fifth day—Purse $500, ent. $50; Four mile heats.
Sixth day—Purse $150, ent. $15; Mile heats, best 3 in 5.

Owners of horses may rest assured that the Course will be in the best order possible, and that every accommodation in the way of stabling will be in readiness for their reception. [Jy14] BENJAMIN AMES, *Proprietor.*

NEW-YORK SPIRIT OF THE TIMES;

A METROPOLITAN GAZETTE OF THE

SPORTING, LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE WORLD

WILLIAM T. PORTER, EDITOR.

A NEW VOLUME (the Eighth) of this paper was commenced on the 17th of February, 1838, being the *third* volume of a NEW SERIES, that was commenced on the 20th Feb., 1836. (The Old Series comprised Five Volumes, and a supplement of four numbers.) Great care is taken to forward THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES strongly enveloped and legibly directed by the earliest mails, to its different subscribers throughout the Union, and particular attention is paid to its punctual and safe transmission, by ship, to foreign ports.

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